



# The Sign

December 1956 - 25¢

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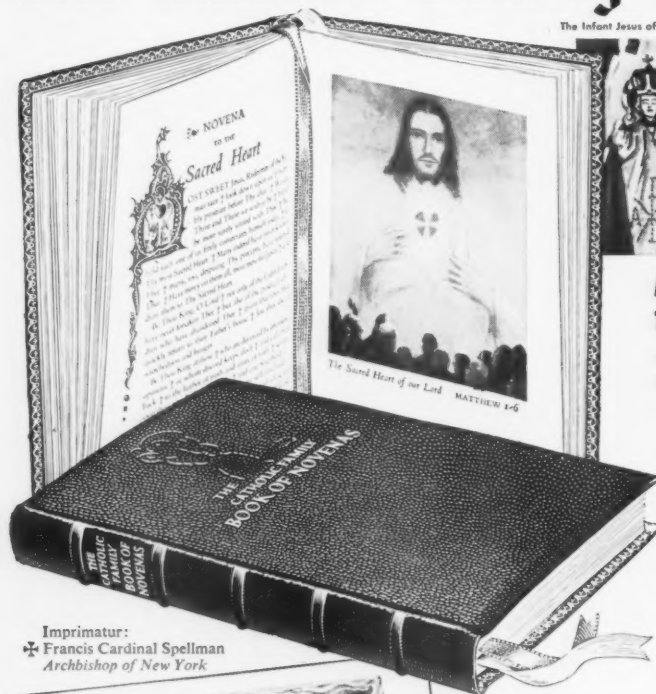
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# Letters

## THINKING CATHOLICS

In reading your editorial in the October issue of *THE SIGN* I was amazed that you were telling the "Thinking Catholic" what to think.

As a southern Catholic I am weary unto death of reading in northern magazines how morally wrong segregation is. The south has great and good reasons for resisting integration. And I cannot understand why separate cannot be equal. . . .

We have had Negroes working for us always and are deeply fond of most of them. However, most southerners are in a much better position to really know the Negro than most northerners. It is a tremendous social upheaval and much time and much change will have to bring it about. Much change in the Negro and much change in the white.

ANN ADAMS

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

You would be positively astonished at the number of "unthinking Catholics" (by your definition) there are. Catholics exist, believe it or not, who are convinced that the doctrine of the Mystical Body is sustained and advanced by political isolationism and "constant flag-waving," who contend that tax support of foreign, socialist governments is immoral as well as unconstitutional, who see in voluntary segregation no denial of the universality of Calvary but rather a simple affirmation of free choice, who defend the inalienable right of a man to earn his daily bread without paying tribute to anyone, who believe with Jefferson and Lord Acton that that government is best which governs least, who contend that the Constitution must, by its very nature, assist—not hinder—government in defending the common good against treason.

But they enthusiastically endorse your indictment of corrupt Catholic politicians . . . to the extent that they often vote for Yankee Protestants rather than be an accessory to the further disgrace of Church and national ancestry.

JOHN PAUL FITZGIBBON

WINCHESTER, MASS.

For some months now I have been reading *THE SIGN* without publicly criticizing an editorial policy which I consider very objectionable. My patience has been exhausted.

I, too, am a thinking Catholic and I think it is revolting that extreme nationalism nauseates Father Gorman. Anything but extreme nationalism must tend toward internationalism, and one world

(Continued on page 76)

## PROPER BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT-GIVING

### The Mass for Children

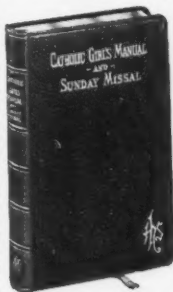
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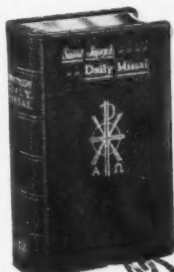
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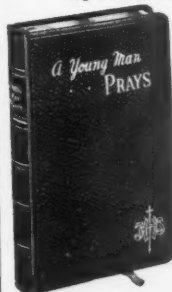


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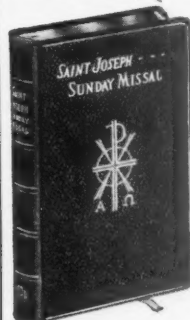
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# The Sign®

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COVER: COLOR PHOTO BY JACQUES LOWE		

Wood engraving on Page 20 from "Life of Christ" by Bruno Bramanti. By permission of Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy



## Near East Aggression

**O**N Sunday, October 28, the government of Israel ordered total mobilization. The next day, Israeli armed forces crossed the Egyptian frontier, made an all-out attack on the Egyptians in the Sinai Peninsula, and headed toward the Suez Canal. On Tuesday, the British and French governments delivered a twelve-hour ultimatum to both Israel and Egypt. Both continued fighting. After expiration of the time limit, Britain and France attacked—not the aggressor, but Egypt.

For a short time it had looked as if Britain and France were acting in a noble, if rather high-handed, manner. It appeared that their intention was to stop the fighting and to tell the Israelis to get back beyond their own borders.

What a mistake that was!

Britain and France weren't thinking of anything but British and French interests. They acted like two bullies who, instead of separating a couple of fighting youngsters, set upon the one they didn't like—already the victim of an attack—and beat him up.

This affair will have serious consequences for the future. The British and French had no right, either by treaty or by the charter of the U.N., to inaugurate military action against Egypt. In doing so, they alienated large segments of public opinion in their own countries, brought chagrin and anger to their allies, and caused rejoicing to our common enemies. And they did it at the very moment when uprisings against Communist regimes in Eastern Europe made it a matter of self-interest and elementary prudence for all the Western world to be watchful and united.

The British-French-Israeli aggression against Egypt will further alienate the 40,000,000 Arabs of the Near East and the countless millions of Moslems in the territory stretching from North Africa to Indonesia. And this Near East territory is the richest in the world in oil resources and is the strategic land bridge connecting Europe, Asia, and Africa. It may well be that Soviet Russia will not have to raise a hand to secure dominance in this region.

The British-French-Israeli attack on Egypt has hurt the unity of the Western world, it has weakened NATO, the cornerstone of Western defense against Soviet Russia, it has renewed the fear of imperialism in the colonial countries, it has made the neutrals suspect that when the cards are down

there is no difference between the Communist countries and democracies, it has lessened the prestige and influence of the United Nations, it has offered an excuse to the Reds to use force in a similar manner against weak nations, and it has sowed the seeds of distrust between the three great Western allies.

It is easy to point out the immediate causes that led to the conflict. To remove them would be no more effective than applying a poultice to a cancer. The real reason why the once-friendly Arabs have become hostile to the West is that we are responsible for the foundation of the state of Israel in Arab territory, an act which all the Arab countries rightly consider a robbery and an aggression. The West, with the help and connivance of American Zionists, emptied its ghettos and refugee camps, not by the exercise of Christian mercy in accepting their inmates, but by dumping them on the shores of an Arab country.

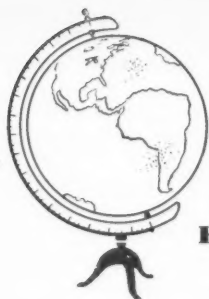
If there is to be peace in the Near East, the first problem to be solved is that of Israel and her Arab neighbors. Unless a lasting peace is made between them, very little benefit will be derived from settling the question of the Suez Canal or the Aswan Dam or other such problems.

It is our firm conviction that the foundation of the State of Israel in Palestine was a tragic mistake. But it is too late now to undo what has been done. The Arabs will have to acknowledge that the State of Israel exists and will continue to exist and that its people cannot be pushed into the Mediterranean or returned to the countries whence they came.

The Israelis must recognize the fact that whatever their immediate gains from a war, they must live in the future surrounded by Arab nations and that they must make concessions if they want their country to be anything more than an armed camp in the midst of enemies.

Arab-Israel relations is the principal problem to be solved in the Near East. Once this is done, a favorable atmosphere will have been created for the establishment of a lasting peace in this area.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Now that the political campaigns are over, it may be appropriate to comment on one of the issues raised during recent months. We refer to federal aid to education. In many ways, the campaign discussion of the problem was unrealistic. In the first place, it was virtually impossible for the average voter to pass judgment on the bill that died in Congress earlier this year. Only the most partisan could feel sure which political party deserved the blame, or credit, for its demise.

### Federal Aid to Education

To add to the political confusion, the Democratic candidate issued a policy statement that seemed to endorse his opponent's position. At least, it was indefinite enough to leave an impression that Governor Stevenson was disagreeing with the stand taken by his party in Congress.

Leaving aside the politics of the issue, it seems to us that only one condition can really justify federal aid for the construction of schools and the training of teachers. This condition is the shortage of funds on the part of some states in relation to their educational needs.

There are good arguments to indicate that such a shortage does exist. It is generally conceded that some of our states are substandard in their educational systems.

The trouble with these areas is that average income is

low, although it has been rising in recent years. Yet their population growth tends to be above the national average.

It is an accepted principle of government that tax revenues from wealthier segments of a political unit may be used to help those which are less endowed. This is why many states contribute heavily to local school districts. Need and tax revenues do not always coincide geographically. There are strong national reasons why we cannot

### Need Should Determine Aid

afford to let any part of our country slip behind educationally. Generally speaking, a higher degree of education makes for more enlightened citizenship. Then too, we cannot waste human resources at a time when the Soviet Union is intensifying its own educational program, particularly in technical fields.

Without going into details, it seems evident that the matter of need must be considered first in any formula for apportioning federal funds. Any other method, such as basing grants on tax revenues contributed to the federal government or on the number of students at school, seems to undercut the only valid argument for any federal aid.

This may not be the easiest approach politically. Practically every area of the country has, and will continue to



Black Star

British war memorial overlooks Suez Canal, scene of latest Middle East explosion. Weakness of the U.N. is accentuated by attempt to fight weapons with words. U.N. needs effective police power to smother first sparks of war.

have, problems about classroom and teacher shortages. Hence it will be difficult for a congressman to vote aid for one area when others also have problems though less intense.

Rising above this political impasse demands a rather high degree of statesmanship. Let us hope that the coming Congress shows such leadership, so that effective help can be given where the need is greatest.

Party platforms and campaign oratory can mean no more than approximately what they say. Things are promised which cannot be literally delivered. Other things are swept

### **Post-Election**

#### **Civil Rights**

under the rug and out of sight because they might frighten away voters. There is no great dishonesty in the process. A candidate or a party must address itself to the average voter—not to the academic citizen who has a fine perception of issues and policies, nor to the entirely unlettered person who might understand everything in terms of bread and butter.

This middle-placed citizen is the target of political campaigns. Issues must be selected to appeal to him. They must be described, not in accordance with their exact value and in exactly literal language, but in a guise which will enable him to make the most realistic adjustment to the business of voting a candidate into office.

The device is a kind of nonliteral truthfulness. It offers a species of tailored reality such as—in a more extreme form—mothers present to young children or anyone might use to quiet a tipsy and obstreperous friend.

But when the campaign is over and the winner has left the ring, taken his shower, and gone home, there is not so much need to underplay or overplay issues. He is now safely in office, immune to the unjust penalty of being rejected because misunderstood. So, from there on, he must proceed to the business of dealing with issues as they are.

This brings us to the question of civil rights, and particularly the question of desegregating the public schools.

Both candidates had to walk on tiptoe around this question during the campaign, just as their parties had to in writing their respective platforms. But now a more forthright attack is in order.

It need not be done with fanfare and censoriousness and the band playing "Marching through Georgia." But it must be done with firmness.

The more responsible citizens in the localities to be integrated should be consulted. Their advisement should be taken as to how deliberately integration should proceed if

### **States are Equal**

#### **under the Law**

it is to satisfy the "all deliberate speed" of the Supreme Court decision. But those sorry specimens of citizenship whose only thought is to delay the implementation of the decree until it fades into the status of a forgotten legal gesture—they should be neither consulted nor considered.

The citizens of all areas of our country are equal before the law. They should be equal in fact. If the people of Louisville or Baltimore must integrate, the people of Charleston or Shreveport must integrate, too.

That is how equality works out in other areas of civil duty—for instance, the federal income tax and the federal excise taxes on bourbon or cigarettes. A state may not get its back up and say: Let South Carolina pay. But Michigan won't. That would be bad citizenship. It is as bad citizenship for South Carolina to say: Let Michigan integrate its schools. But South Carolina won't.

Well, we have committed the office of President for the next four years. No longer a candidate, the people's choice doesn't need to exercise the supercaution of a candidate.

One of his most important domestic tasks will be to see that integration actually makes the kind of speed which would qualify as "deliberate."

Since World War II, it has been the policy of the United States to finance nations which have had to reconstruct a shattered economy or to establish a decent standard of living. Some of this aid we have

### **The New World**

#### **Built with U. S. Aid**

given away. Some we have loaned. Like all initial formulas, this policy has had its share of "bugs." And when bugs appear, sensible men or nations will take notice of them with a view to their extermination.

With punctilious courtesy, we have not too closely supervised the use which beneficiaries chose to make of the funds we offered. Such prying and steering, we felt, would have been undue interference in the internal affairs of the nations concerned.

Unhappily, we have recently seen beneficiaries, France and Britain, engage in a military operation which will probably nullify much of our financial aid and even more of our international diplomacy.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization is crippled beyond recovery-with-honor. Its avowed purpose is defense in the interests of peace. But the world has seen two of its principal members—who were reluctant to oppose great nations like Russia and Red China—aggressively invade a little-fellow nation like Egypt.

Israel, which was born under the sponsorship of Presidential campaign obstetrics in 1948, and which has been nurtured by an infusion of American money, private and public, has intensified its ambitious career of aggression.

All this is the plainest kind of invitation to Russia to hatch what reprisals it thinks best against its aspiring satellites. And no matter what brutality it decides on, the West will be in no logical position to protest.

Obviously, this is not the kind of world we undertook to finance. So, in the future we should overhaul our formula for giving or lending. The new one should be endowed with a sounder set of teeth.

While refinements will have to be worked into it, it should, nevertheless, look generally like this:

Aid, yes! But not to those nations which shoot to pieces the world we were trying to improve.

It is becoming as normal an experience to celebrate Christmas in an environment of war as to celebrate it in an environment of gift advertising and Christmas card greetings.

Since World War II, Christmas cheer has been dampened by such misfortunes as the Communist coups in Eastern Europe, the Korean War, the Indo-China War, and, more recently, the Egyptian War.

Our Christian Faith, however, can rescue us from the depressive world which surrounds us, as it rescued other Christians from the gloom of even drearier times. Christ was born among us and redeemed us. He assured us of a peace such as this world cannot give. A much better peace. A peace of eternal duration.

We remind our readers of this destiny for all men of good will. And, in the light of its promise, we feel that we can truly wish them a most happy and blessed Christmas, to be followed by an equally blessed New Year.





## SATELLITE REVOLT

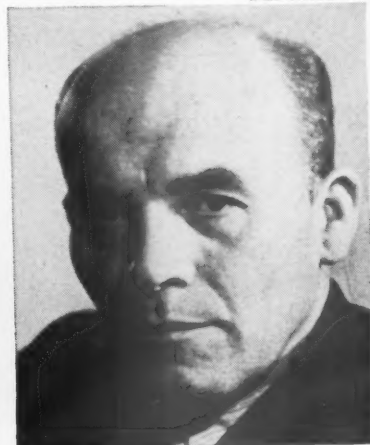
While the United Nations was having its troubles in the Middle East, a very different and more hopeful kind of trouble was brewing in Eastern Europe—the first full-scale challenge to Soviet imperialism in Eastern Europe. In Poland, Titoist Premier Wladislaw Gomulka was in the saddle seeking a modicum of independence from Moscow oppression for the Polish people. In Hungary, meanwhile, beardless young students were throwing off the spiritual shackles of Red indoctrination and facing down Russian guns and tanks with bare fists and stones and meager weapons. At this writing, the outcome is highly uncertain. Though more blood has been shed freedom seems as distant as ever. But no one summed up better the mood of the West than Josef Cardinal Mindszenty as he was freed by the rebels. "You are," he said, "good Hungarian boys."

United Press



*Soviet tanks in Budapest: In the greatest bloodbath since World War II, Russian forces slaughtered thousands of freedom-loving Hungarians. West, as usual, acted weakly and much too late*

Wide World Photos



*Free again were Hungary's Josef Cardinal Mindszenty and Poland's Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski. Meanwhile Polish Premier Gomulka sought harmony with Moscow while Hungary continued fighting*



Archbishop Karl J. Alter of Cincinnati made the biggest "scoop of the week" when he used power shovel at groundbreaking ceremony for new diocesan seminary building



John Gilland Brunini, co-founder and director of Catholic Poetry Society, receives group's first annual gold medal from Cardinal Spellman. GPS is 25 years old



Latest weapons in cold war are two exchange magazines published by U.S. and Russia. Here, Russians look at America. At \$1.50 a copy, a look is all most can afford

## Views in Brief

**On Guard!** A research conducted by the Bureau of Advertising indicates that there are sixteen million boys and girls aged thirteen through nineteen who have nine billion dollars to spend each year. This means each one has an average of eleven dollars to spend each week. Advertisers evidently have a sharp eye on this important market. There is a danger here, it seems to us, that these young people may not be warned of the danger of unrestrained consumption, which Pope Pius XII has called "the cancer of present-day social economy"; that they may not develop a sense of responsible thrift; that they may not learn the moral value of putting necessary things before the merely useful or pleasurable.

**Our Share.** As Christians we believe that the hand of God is at work in history and that the changes of world culture taking place are the instruments of divine purpose. We are, moreover, intimately united in Christ with those who suffer in all parts of the world. We cannot, therefore, pass over lightly the Holy Father's fervent appeal for our prayers for the people newly oppressed by terrible sufferings. It is a time not simply to condemn what we know is wrong, not simply to hope for the easing of tensions. It is a time to pray earnestly because our prayers are important and our brothers need them.

**Lay Teachers.** Sister Mary Delrey, S.N.D., recently made a survey of the attitude of parents toward lay teachers in Catholic schools. A score of 1 was most unfavorable, 11 most favorable, and 6 neutral. The mean score of 500 parents was 8.42, which indicated a definite attitude of favorableness. This is encouraging. Lay teachers merit grateful recognition and the interest and co-operation of parents in their difficult and important work.

**The Power of Thinking.** As a reminder of the "enormous power of thinking"—not positive or negative, just plain thinking—Publisher Frank J. Sheed had a story to tell recently. It concerned an Emperor known as Frederick II, "the wonder of the world," and the Emperor's cousin, a humble friar named Thomas Aquinas. "Only a handful of people knew that Frederick had a cousin who was a friar," says Mr. Sheed. And then he asked, "Who knows Frederick now? Aquinas, on the other hand, is so well known that he has virtually eclipsed the Apostle whose name he bears." Which proves what? According to Sheed, it proves that as centuries take their toll of passing fame, "it is the thinker that matters."

**The Parish and Vocations.** An intriguing survey recently conducted by the Archdiocese of Cincinnati might be the basis for formulating a kind of Gresham's Law on vocations. It found that 7.5 per cent of the parishes in the Archdiocese contribute 43.7 per cent of the vocations to the diocesan priesthood; another 30.5 per cent of the parishes contribute 56.3 per cent of the vocations; and a whopping 62 per cent of the parishes contribute no diocesan vocations at all. It would be wrong to draw any hasty generalizations on the basis of this data, but one cannot help wondering about the reason for the shocking disproportion between the 19 parishes that sent 111 young men to the diocesan seminary and the 156 parishes at the other extreme that sent exactly none. Could it have something to do with the spiritual vitality of certain areas? We think it very well might. It is true that "the spirit bloweth where it listeth," but it must be allowed to blow first of all. And the hearts of our youth must be prepared to respond to its breathing. This is an extremely important task to which parents, teachers, and priests may well devote their most earnest efforts.

THE SIGN *presents:*



Provence Shepherd—Marc Riboud

# A Christmas Album of Pictures

*Featuring two memorable picture stories:*

CHRISTMAS IN PROVENCE *and* AMERICAN FAMILY CHRISTMAS



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A Christmas Album of Pictures

# Christmas in Provence

Life for the peasant shepherds of Provence in southern France is an elemental thing, as simple as a child's desires, as glad as the morning sun, and as inevitable as death. Its rhythms are the rhythms of the changing seasons and of daily work. In the setting of such a life Christmas comes as the climax of the natural as well as the religious year. Feeling the chill coming across the land, seeing the animals huddling together for warmth and shelter, the plight of the Holy Family in Bethlehem takes on a special air of reality. It is a plight that simple people with simple joys and sufferings can understand. Finally, who could better understand the meaning of the coming of the Lamb of God to mankind than men whose daily labor is with those placid beasts whom God has chosen to be the symbol of His meekness and of His sacrifice? No other Christian feast but Easter has richer meaning for the people of Provence than the feast that marks the coming of Christ—God with us—to humanity.

Photographs by Marc Riboud



*Good shepherd of Provence: For simple peasants, a deeper understanding of the coming of the Lamb of God to save humanity*

*Provence shepherd leads his huddling flock of sheep  
down the road toward home and shelter from the chill of night*



*At Midnight Mass in a stable, children bring gifts for the Infant*

## CHRISTMAS IN PROVENCE *continued*

The tiny Provence village where these photographs were taken boasts of no church of its own. When Christ comes on the altar at Midnight Mass, the setting is a simple stable, as crude and chill a shelter as the place where Christ was born in Bethlehem. Near the altar is a live Nativity scene with villagers playing the roles of Mary, Joseph, and the Infant Christ. Gifts of fruit and other good things grown by local farmers are brought to the crib by village children. Then two shepherds holding candles come forward to present two soft lambs as symbolic gifts to the Christ Child. Finally there is the Mass, a spare but inspiring homily on the Christmas gospel by the *curé*, and the rebirth of Christ in each villager's heart at Communion. This is Christmas in Provence, the simple, moving way a village of shepherds today celebrates the birth of Christ.

*Two village shepherds offer two soft, young lambs to the Christ Child. Live crib scene is enacted by village couple and baby*





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*In his homily on the Christmas gospel, the curé explains the meaning of Christmas for the lives of the villagers*



*The quiet joy and the peace of Christmas is seen in the faces of these Provence peasants as they listen to the twenty-centuries-old story of the birth of Christ the King*



*Bobby Guth and friend: "Santa doesn't come to our house, but St. Nicholas does"*

## A Christmas Album of Pictures

# American Family Christmas

If commercialism has driven out some of the child-like spirit of Christmas, it still remains a feast for children, a time to gladden the hearts of children with gifts and to prepare them for the perfect Gift—Christ. This is Christmas as it comes to life each year in the home of a typical young American family, the Robert L. Guths of Jersey City, New Jersey. Like many other young Catholic couples, Bob and Gert Guth are concerned by the impression that a commercialized Christmas can leave on the tender minds of their four children. Yet they have also found that it is nearly impossible to swim alone against the commercial tide. Instead, they have set upon a solution that is best described by their attitude toward Santa Claus. Says Bob, "It would be utterly cruel to snuff out a child's simple faith in the benevolent bearer of Christmas gifts. Instead, what we do is to tell them about the real St. Nicholas. Santa Claus doesn't come to our house, but St. Nicholas does. And our little Bobby will tell you so in no uncertain terms."

Photographs by Jacques Lowe



*At the department store, Bobby makes funny faces at the photographer*



*On Christmas Eve, the children place Mary and Joseph in the crib*



*Bobby, 5, Mary Jeanne, 4, and Christine, 3, kneel for night prayers*



While children sleep, Bob and Gert tackle job of decorating the tree and laying out gifts. That finished, Gert reflects: "By concentrating your attention on the children, Christmas has a way of drawing parents closer together."



*On Christmas morning, the children descend on array of gifts. Problem: Find kids among the toys*

*Children form a miniature motorcade of trucks and tricycles that ends in a living room traffic jam*



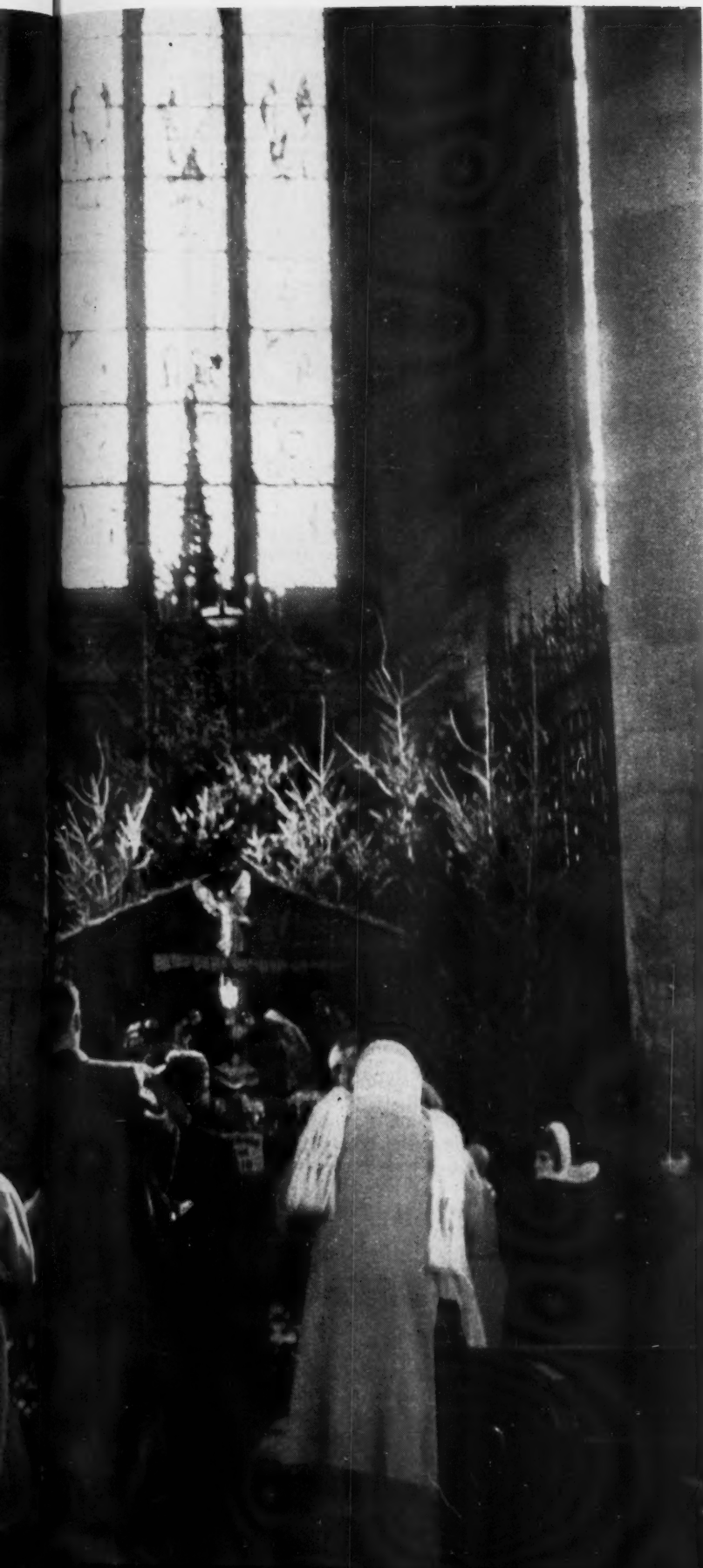
*Nothing more than a trinket is needed to gladden the heart of one-year-old Marise. A family Christmas need not be elaborate to be joyful*

## AMERICAN FAMILY CHRISTMAS continued

On Christmas morning the four young Guths rub open their eyes to the dazzling discovery of the brightly lit tree and the glittering array of gifts. The next hour is one of excitement as they buzz happily from one gift to the next. Then, Bob and Gert gather the children together to be dressed for church and the most important event of the day—Christmas Mass. Later, at a little ceremony before the family crib, the children place the figure of the infant in the straw while Bob reads the Christmas gospel, Gert lights the candle on a cake, and everybody joins in singing, "Happy Birthday, dear Jesus." Says Bob: "This puts over the idea that Christmas is Christ's birthday with a bang. And that is the important thing for children to learn. At least it makes much of the commercialization that seems to accompany Christmas a little easier to bear."

*The most important moment of the day is going to church for Christmas Mass and a visit to the Christ Child in the parish crib*





*At home, the Guths have their own little ceremony before the family crib*



*The four symbolic candles of the Advent wreath are lit for last time*



*After dinner, the children gather around Bob to sing Christmas carols*

# Christmas Poems



## BETHLEHEM

I peered in a stable and saw within  
An ox and an ass and a praying pair,  
Joseph and Mary, and between them there  
The Child, the Lamb to be slain for sin.

*And it seemed as I gazed adoringly  
That I saw in the Child what the Man would be.*

I moved to the byre and on my knee  
I looked in the eyes so wonder-bright,  
And looking, outshining I saw the light  
Of the far eternal Divinity.

*And it seemed as I knelt to the mystery  
That I saw in the Child what the Man would be.*

And O God! I dared to fondle the hands,  
The dimpled fingers, cowrie-pink:  
Ah, but the palms! What made me think  
Of the blood and the nails and the galling bands?

*And it seemed as I wept for Him piteously  
That I saw in the Child what the Man would be.*

The Infant stirred on the golden straw  
And naked the cold-chafed incurled feet  
I kissed with my lips — a kiss so sweet —  
As the Christ-trodden paths of earth I saw.

*And it seemed through the dust of Galilee  
That I glimpsed in the Child what the Man would be.*

Who could see there in the Babe new-born  
The golden hair on the infant brow —  
Alas, so tender and radiant now —  
Matted in blood and the tangled thorn?

*But it seemed as I touched it caressingly  
That I saw in the Child what the Man would be.*

Light of the World! Sweet Saviour Christ!  
Light in the darkness be Thou to me!  
Light that is Life! May I follow Thee  
Through the tears and the pain to the Calvary-tryst.

*For now with St. Joseph and sweet Mary  
I can see in the Child what the Man will be.*

REV. R. F. WALKER, C.S.Sp.

## SIGNS

Often, all-loving and all wise,  
Thou has come down in hidden guise,  
For mortal vision could not bear  
To look upon Thy heavenly wear.

So, Thou didst kingly lay  
Thy bright insignia away  
And came with human face  
To take a human place.

Many passed by Thee. Not a nod  
To show they knew Thee, very God;  
But others, men of humbler ways,  
Traced Thee in tender human ways.

Through still small voices, swaddling bands,  
Wine at a wedding, healing hands,  
Glimpsing Thy Godhead, steadfastly  
They pinned their simple faith to Thee.

JULIA W. WOLFE

## BLUE CHALICES

She is the chalice of silence  
Whose perfection sings  
Louder than angels  
On their arriving wings  
In Bethlehem.

She is the chalice of Christ  
Whose waterfall blood  
She caught up  
In her Calvaried motherhood  
In Bethlehem.

She is the chalice of time  
For history's Mass,  
Holding forever Christ  
In the ox-hot grass  
In Bethlehem.

AUSTIN FOWLER

## ANTI-CATHOLICISM . . .

# unmentionable problem

by JOHN J. KANE, Ph.D.

*Some anti-Catholics identify their bigotry*

*with defense of American democracy*

WHEN GUNNAR MYRDAL, a Swedish social scientist, was doing his now famous study of the Negro in America, he met with a group of white southerners for luncheon in a small town. They began with a fruit cocktail and in general agreement that there was no Negro problem in their community. They concluded lunch with coffee and diverse observations about how they should handle the Negro problem in their community.

Reluctance to admit the existence of prejudice and discrimination toward minorities has been typical of intergroup relations in the United States. People almost invariably begin by denying they have any such problem and end by unconsciously airing their prejudices toward a racial, ethnic, or religious group. Today, however, as a result of research, popular books, motion pictures, and stories in the daily press about discrimination toward Negroes and Jews, it becomes absurd to deny such problems. In a nation so keenly aware of minority groups' problems and generally so eager to remedy them, it is amazing that hostility toward one group has pretty much gone unnoticed. How can one explain the fact that anti-Catholicism remains the unmentionable problem in American group relations?

During the past summer, a Catholic social scientist was invited to address an institute on intergroup relations. When he proposed as a topic Protestant-Catholic relations, there was some hesitation. Was this really a problem? Did it merit equal airing with anti-Negro and anti-Semitic problems? Finally, it was agreed that it did. The audience was composed mainly of public school teachers, intelligent, well-informed, and well-disposed individuals who were strongly opposed to prejudice and discrimination toward minorities. The speaker discussed the origin and development of anti-Catholic attitudes in nineteenth-century America. The meeting was then thrown open for questions.

The questions asked by those participating in the institute were revealing and to some perhaps amazing. Some

of those present were so intent upon criticizing Catholicism that they either did not hear or chose to ignore the content of the talk.

A young lady who had appeared to be listening attentively throughout the speech immediately demanded, "Why are you in favor of federal aid to parochial schools?" The speaker pointed out that he had said nothing at all on this score. Why then did the young lady ask it? She asked it because this aspect of intergroup relations was in the forefront of her mind. She was primed to ask this question, to criticize and to attack Catholics on this issue as she eventually did. Her mind was so set on this that she imagined she heard what hadn't even been said. This is a condition not uncommon among those with prejudice.

A mature woman in the group then asked, "Why is the Catholic Church so proud and arrogant as to claim it is the one and only true church?" Again, the speaker was forced to state that he had mentioned nothing on this point. He indicated that he was there to discuss the sociological, not the theological, aspects of interreligious relations. He agreed, however, to offer an analogy.

He explained that the lights in the room were connected. If he said they were off and the lady said they were on, one of them was right and one was wrong. Since teachings of some churches are diametrically opposed on theological matters, both cannot be right. "Not at all," shouted an elderly lady. "If most people in this room say the lights are on, even though they are off, then they are really on." This kind of subjectivity was too much for most of the audience, but they seemed to agree that this type of analogy had nothing to do with the matter at hand.

Leaders of the institute were shocked and amazed at these and similar questions directed to the speaker. They reluctantly concluded that their group did suffer from a certain amount of anti-Catholicism, which it had perhaps unwittingly exposed. One asked the group to explain why ques-

tions were phrased in this style. For instance, to ask the speaker why the Catholic Church is so proud and arrogant as to claim it is the one and only true Church is a loaded question. As a Catholic, he did believe his Church was the one and only true Church. Yet in admitting this he might appear to be granting at the same time that it was proud and arrogant. Prejudice had phrased this question.

A few years ago a poll of ministers in a midwestern county showed that nine out of ten of those responding to a questionnaire believed that America would become less democratic if Catholics became the majority group. Had such a statement been made about Jews or Negroes, their organizations and associations would quite rightfully have swung into action against this libel. Liberals would have decried and repudiated such a statement. But such a statement made against Catholics, even though nationally publicized, caused scarcely a ripple.

Yet no American can afford to be apathetic about hostility toward a minority, whether he is a member of that minority or not. Again and again one truism has emerged from studies of prejudice. Hitler began his attacks on the Jews, then moved against Catholics, and later involved Protestants. The resurgent Ku Klux Klan in the South of today first mobilized against Negroes as a result of the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregated education. Yet recently a fiery cross was planted near the home of Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans. If prejudice and discrimination are to be reduced or eliminated, then all types of them must be combated. They are like a cancer in the social body. If they are merely checked at one point, they immediately threaten another part. On the basis of even purely personal and selfish reasons, all Americans should be concerned about anti-Catholicism.

Why aren't they?

Anti-Catholicism is a term requiring some interpretation. Its obvious meaning would be prejudice and discrimination toward Catholics on the basis of their religion. Such attitudes and behaviors, however, would violate the tenets of democracy so reputedly and assiduously propagated by the very persons who attack Catholicism. Hence a *modus vivendi* is essential. Again and again writers and spokesmen of this type make two careless distinctions. First, they claim they are not opposed to Catholics at all, but rather to the American Catholic hierarchy and some of those teachings of the Catholic Church which have their direct impact on social life. Second, they also claim that such opposition, far from being undemocratic, is based exclusively upon their desire to preserve democracy in the United States. On the basis of such specious logic, these opponents cease to be bigots and become patriots, at least in their own minds and the minds of too many Americans. The absurdity of their position can be clearly indicated.

When a great deal of Protestant America, under the leadership of its clergy, supported and succeeded in passing the prohibition law, it was considered a typical demonstration of democracy in action; the will of the majority had prevailed. When Catholics in certain states, in conformity with the natural law and the teachings of their Church, voted against public dissemination of artificial contraceptive information, it was considered undemocratic, totalitarian, repressive, and the result of clerical dictatorship.

The legislation of the Roman Catholic Church on mixed

religious marriage is invariably cited as a violation of democratic principles. Yet Orthodox Jews absolutely forbid mixed religious marriage. No dispensations are possible—as in the case of Catholics. No Orthodox rabbi would perform such a marriage, and in the past at least, the service of the dead was read by his family for a son who married a non-Jew. Some of the smaller Protestant sects automatically excommunicate a member who marries outside his religion. Some of the larger Protestant denominations have recently decried mixed religious marriages. Somehow or other, such actions on the part of non-Catholics are either not thought of, or certainly not cited, as undemocratic. They apparently become so only when the Catholic Church is involved.

The very essence of democracy is extension of the same rights and privileges to all American citizens regardless of race, national origin, or religion. Under such circumstances, Protestant ministers and laity may indeed oppose the sale of alcoholic beverages. Orthodox Jews may likewise forbid mixed religious marriage. Quite logically and rightfully, then, Catholics may oppose public dissemination of birth control information and require dispensations and pre-nuptial agreements for mixed religious marriage. That is, of course, if democratic principles are to prevail.

Here then is the basic reason why anti-Catholicism is the unmentionable problem in American group relations. To admit its existence, except in the most flagrant and violent incidents, would upset or destroy the smugness of certain "liberals" who are the outstanding antagonists of Catholicism, and who at the same time consider themselves the greatest bulwark of democracy in America except for the public school.

Current writings and statements of such critics of Catholicism have provided a second reason why anti-Catholicism has become unmentionable. The audience of the institute referred to earlier eventually came to admit that some of its members did hold anti-Catholic attitudes. Yet it was also admitted that most had been unaware of them. In other words, articulate critics of Catholicism have sold many Americans a bill of goods impugning Catholicism. Some Americans have swallowed this to such an extent that they mistake what is truly prejudice for a rightful defense against a supposed danger to the democratic heritage.

But how far has this affected your Protestant neighbor, your Jewish colleague, or your fellow workman of no religion? It is impossible to state definitely. Like the white southerners at the luncheon, most, if not all, would deny feelings of prejudice toward Catholics. But when white southerners got down to specifics about Negroes, they revealed some prejudice. So too when some well-meaning non-Catholics get down to specifics about Catholics, they reveal some prejudice. One may say, "I'm not opposed to any religion, but why do Catholics have to have their own schools?" Another may remark, "The only thing I don't like about the Catholic Church is its rules on mixed marriage."

Great strides have been made against anti-Negro and anti-Semitic attitudes. Much more, admittedly, must be done. But neither can ever be successfully combated if anti-Catholicism continues.

Interreligious hostility is a rather nasty business, so much so that many prefer to ignore it. Those who do, however, must assume a serious responsibility. They should realize that the best way to encourage it and its inevitable perils is to let it fester and increase, as it surely will, as long as it remains an unmentionable problem. Anti-Negro and anti-Semitic problems have been decreased to the extent that they have been honestly faced and attacked. It is time to do the same about anti-Catholicism.





# How's your Musical I.Q.?

by Paul Hume

Dennis Stock—Magnum

**A well-known music critic answers: the music  
you like may not be as bad as you think**

"I'M AFRAID my musical I.Q. isn't very high," a prominent Washingtonian said to me one day recently. I was quizzing him in connection with a radio program of mine which features the favorite music of people whose names are in the news. (See *THE SIGN*, issue of January, 1956)

"I don't really know much about good music," he went on. "I like the music from *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*, Strauss waltzes, you know the kind of thing."

Yes, indeed, I know the kind of thing, and it is some of the finest kind of thing we have in the world of music. This gentleman had unknowingly put the finger on two very common misconceptions. First, he had allowed a real inferiority complex to develop in his thinking that he did not know something about good music; and, second, and even more prevalent an idea, he thought the music which he *did* like, the music of Richard Rodgers' scores of *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*, or the waltzes of Johann Strauss, father and son, did not qualify as "good" music.

Instead of apologizing for what he thought of as shortcomings, this man has a right to pat himself on the back. His personal preferences in the world of music have led him to music which is the very best of its class. And "best-in-class" is a fine prize to carry off in any contest.

There are cities scattered around this country with radio stations that call themselves "Good Music Stations." There may not be enough of these stations, but they make a sizable dent wherever they are found. New York City's WQXR is one; Washington's WGMS takes its call letters from the "Good Music" label. Chicago has one of these broadcasters of fine music, and Boston's GMS has even gotten to the point where it broadcasts the regular season concerts of the great symphony orchestra of that city.

At the present time plans are being discussed for one of the nation's major radio networks to make its FM operation a "good music" business 90 per cent of the time. It is already projecting

plans for carrying the regular programs of one of the country's other major symphony orchestras as a weekly feature. And its member stations cover a large part of the entire country.

These radio stations are not in business for the sheer joy of playing "good music" into the ether with the hope that it will all somehow find eager listening ears. Like any other radio operation these days, they have to pay their way or else. . . . What the men behind "good music" stations have found is that in spite of all the things you read and hear about the approaching doom of radio, there is a large and regular and eager audience that wants to hear more and more good music. These stations have found sponsors who know the value of music as a sales device.

If these stations have been able to make good music pay their bills, they must have some pretty sound ideas about what "good music" is. This is what Station WGMS calls "good music":

"Good music is music you like. The important thing about good music,

which sets it apart from all other music, is that *good music is permanent music*. Good music is a loyal friend, a source of inspiration to which people turn again. Good music is not necessarily symphony or opera; it is more often gay than serious. A symphony by Beethoven is good music . . . so is 'Some Enchanted Evening' . . . so is the 'Rhapsody in Blue' . . . and 'Molly Malone.' Good music is music that people like and continue to like."

Does that help you in your thinking about your own favorite music—as you begin to hum your favorite Jerome Kern or Dick Rodgers? Or the Strauss waltz you like better than any other music in the world?

When the New York newspapers summarized the 1955-56 season of the Metropolitan Opera, it was no surprise that

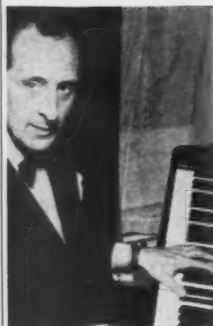
It's funny, this half apologetic, half defensive manner that comes in so often when people who openly love music talk to a music critic about what they like. I guess it is the critic's fault for not making it clearer that he, too, likes lots of music and likes it very much. Likes it enough to listen to it day and night, all week long, month after month without ever getting tired of it. Perhaps it would come as a surprise to people to realize that music critics like much of the same music they do.

If I were to list some of my favorite music it would have to include some of the songs from *South Pacific*, Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony together with his *Sleeping Beauty* ballet score; Johann Strauss's *Tales from the Vienna Woods*; a large part of George Gersh-

popular a fine series of records of the most famous music from *Aida*, *Carmen*, *Tosca*, *Traviata*, and *Boheme*, in orchestral versions which, for many Kostelanetz fans, will prove an introduction to some of the greatest moments in the world of opera.

Any idea that Kern, Gershwin, or Rodgers did not write "good music" is pure snobbery. More than that, it shows an ignorance of the whole history and development of music.

To be sure, it is true that most of the so-called popular songs of the day are "here today and gone tomorrow," if they even last long enough to see tomorrow. But the men who wrote "Tea for Two," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Stardust," and "Night and Day" were writing some of the best music this country has yet turned out.



European photos

Black Star

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they turned up with Verdi's *Rigoletto* as the most often performed opera of the season. Met Manager Rudolf Bing has openly set forth on a pattern of giving most often the operas that most opera-goers want to hear most of the time. And Verdi's *Rigoletto*, with its famous Quartet, its "Caro Nome," and "La Donna e Mobile," has been a top favorite with hundreds of thousands of people for over a century. Today it is at least as strong as ever.

A member of the U.S. Senate said to me, "I like anything that Andre Kostelanetz plays, but I suppose you critics don't call that really good music."

win's score for *Porgy and Bess*; and practically the whole score of Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate*. And a lot more besides.

Actually, to get back to Andre Kostelanetz, that conducting gentleman makes a habit of playing good music and playing it well. If you look over the list of music Kostelanetz has recorded, you will find the names of Irving Berlin and Stephen Foster, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter, Victor Herbert and George Gershwin. That's only part of the list that goes on to include Fritz Kreisler, Sigmund Romberg, and Richard Rodgers. Kostelanetz has also made widely

If you recall Station WGMS's definition of good music, it was "Good music is music that people like and continue to like."

Every generation has had its favorite writers of music that is less than great in the sense that, say, the *Missa Solemnis* by Beethoven or the First Symphony of Brahms is said to be great. But these less-than-monumental composers have added to our treasure house of music some of the greatest music the world knows, each in its distinctive class. And a love of this music, far from marking its lovers in anyway less discriminating in their tastes, stamps them as peo-

ple who recognize the finest thing of its kind. The waltzes of Johann Strauss have no match in the world, though I must say that Richard Rodgers gives them awfully close competition in the waltz that swirls through *Carousel*.

Musicians of the background and training of Victor Herbert, the Strauss family, and Franz Lehar in Vienna, and the men who have made the musical stage in this country notable, have written melodies that have landed them permanent niches in the musical halls of fame. They are recognized as such by the world's great musicians.

It would be arrant presumption to ascribe any slightest trace of condescension to Johannes Brahms in telling the story of the time he jotted down the opening notes of a famous waltz on a card for a friend and wrote underneath

When you come to jazz, it's hard these days to say just where you are. It depends on which branch of the jazz world you talk to.

Take, for example, the American Jazz Festival, which had its third big annual session at Newport, Rhode Island, in July. Topping its many all-star nights were names like these: Count Basie, Louis Armstrong, and Duke Ellington. According to plenty of hot opinions, when you say "Count Basie" and "Ellington" you have said the best things any one can say in the jazz field. Those two orchestras are generally rated at the very top of the heap.

But that festival also held Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Eddie Condon, and Dave Brubeck, and such properties as Sarah Vaughan, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Ella Fitzgerald. The presence of an ex-

play with the symphony orchestras of those metropolises the *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra*, by Swiss composer Rolf Liebermann.

Jazz is going through one of its most thorough and convulsive developmental stages these days, of which, in case you are wondering, rock-'n'-roll is no part at all, according to the real jazz men. As a matter of fact, the jazz boys say that rock-'n'-roll is making it very bad for the true art of jazz because it has taken certain rhythmic elements of jazz and overinflated them in order to get the frenzied effect that the big beat produces. (While we're on the subject, however, let's put our vote on the side of those who vote that you can't produce juvenile delinquency with any music, no matter how you use it.)

And, for your hope in the future, in case you have been worrying, *Variety* Magazine says every indication is that rock-'n'-roll is on its way out and that, once the process gets started, the normal acceleration that takes place in the life span of every "pops" phase will carry the r-'n'-r stuff out of sight and out of mind in a hurry.

Speaking of these cycles that occur in every phase of popular music, it is the very fact that fashions change so rapidly in this segment of the world of music that makes it less valuable in the eyes of long-haired musicians. We can get a sensational kick out of a piece of music, and those who love jazz and the popular music that comes over the air and through the juke boxes have plenty of company in every part of our population; but at the same time, we can hardly ask that music which, at the very best, has a predictable life span of six to eight weeks should be considered as having any element of quality comparable to a tune by a Victor Herbert, a Gershwin, a Johann Strauss or Rodgers and Hammerstein, a tune that has stood for a decade or a century and continues to rank high on people's memories.

Plenty of the world's finest musicians are amateur experts in the world of jazz. One of the stars at the Newport Festival this summer was the Austrian pianist, Friedrich Gulda. Through concert appearances in this country, as well as in some of the finest current recordings of Bach, Beethoven, and Debussy, Gulda has established himself as one of the finest young men in the concert business. Now he turns up as a specialist in the hot jazz on the piano, at a big festival.

Such great names as Heifetz and Horowitz have been known to let their hair down in private sessions and show a keen knowledge of how "le jazz hot" goes on their instruments. Jazz—the real, (Continued on page 70)

**The Listeners. Their various moods reflect the power of music.**

*"Music alone with sudden charms can bind the wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind"*

**The Players. A few of the numerous well-known musicians: concert pianist Horowitz; the popular song-writer Irving Berlin; jazz-man Louis Armstrong; famed violinist Jascha Heifetz**



Euro Magnum

it, "The Beautiful Blue Danube—not, unfortunately, by Johannes Brahms." And Brahms himself was a master of the waltz as we know from his Love Song Waltzes.

The marches of John Philip Sousa stand as models of genius in a field that has produced hundreds of rivals but no clear successor. At the time of their writing, some of these marches became world-wide smash hits. "The Washington Post March" by Sousa was acclaimed here and in Europe to the point where it was literally the rock-'n'-roll of its day. No dance or formal ball was complete without it.

plosive line-up like this gives not only a real survey of the whole area; it brings in the violent contrasts now current in jazz.

It's not just a matter of New Orleans style versus Chicago, or barrel house against the blues. Jazz men will tell you that jazz is going off in so many new directions these days that it isn't really jazz any more. Stan Kenton and his orchestra call their experiments in harmony a new sound in jazz. And the Sauter-Finegan band got itself lots of nation-wide publicity last year when it sat on the stages of Chicago's Orchestra Hall and New York's Carnegie Hall to

by Michael McLaverty

*"She's mine! She's for me!" Kevin cried*

THE four children were in the sitting room, warmly sheltered from the cold wind that was sweeping in gusts from the lough. Now and again it flung handfuls of hailstones against the windows and bumped like a mattress against the gable of the house. Kevin, a boy of ten, was standing at one of the windows gazing out at the dry hailstones as they bounced on the lawn or combed whitely through the dreary trees in the orchard. And with each shower that passed he saw the hailstones gather like snow in the hoofmarks in the fields and lie white as paint on the road that switch-backed across the hedgy countryside.

For a while he scanned the road intently, for he wanted to be first in seeing his father's car coming from the town and be the first out of the room as it drove into the stabled yard at the back of the house. His father was to be home before five, and already five had chimed from the marble clock on the mantel piece. In an hour's time the blue of the sky would darken down for the coming of night and the lights in the farmhouses would shine across the cold fields.

Of his three sisters Eileen, the eldest, was practicing her pieces at the piano, playing softly and paying no heed to anything else. Rita, with her black fringe broken in places like a comb, was

head touching his legs. "If you don't sit up straight and have manners like the rest of the children, you'll have to go to bed," she said. "Do you hear? Now be a good teddy."

Rita, with one side of her face reddened by the fire, glanced at Joan with unspoke cynicism and curled her lip at Kevin.

"You played with dolls yourself, Rita," he said, "so you needn't sneer."

"I'm not sneering. I'm reading, so mind your own business, Mister Smarty."

Kevin shrugged his shoulders and turned to the window again. He tapped with his fingers on the window ledge, beating time to the tune of the piano. Once more he gazed across the fields to the road, but seeing its whiteness still unmarked by car lines he knew his father hadn't passed yet. The blue sky was empty of cloud, the fields white except for black patches under the hedges near the roadside. He breathed mist upon the window pane and, as he drew a little man on it with his finger, something moving below on the road caught his eye. He put his hands in his pockets and, humming to himself, he withdrew from the window with a lazy, casual walk. But his manner didn't deceive Rita and she bounced to her feet and rushed to the door shouting, "Daddy's here!"

fascinated by what was standing up in the trailer attached to the car. It was a black pony, not much bigger than a goat, and it was twitching its ears from the melting hailstones that tickled it. The two yard-dogs were barking furiously and jumping up at the side of the trailer, the children gathering at each side of it, patting the pony's head and picking off the straw and hailstones that were entangled in its mane.

"She's mine, Daddy! She's for me!" Kevin was exclaiming as Joan scampered off to tell her mother to come quick.

"She's not a lady," the father said as he clouted the two dogs aside and unhitched the tailboard. And there, cradled in yellow straw, stood the whole pony with spills of steam hanging from each nostril. "He's so small he could hide in a potato bag," the father said, piloting the pony on to the wet yard. The pony stood with patient unconcern, the children hugging his damp neck, and the dogs sniffing at the long tail blown sideways by the wind.

"He's for me, isn't he, Daddy?" Kevin shouted again.

"He's for all of you if you behave yourselves."

The mother hadn't come out yet to see the new arrival, so the pony was led through the back door and down to the warm kitchen, the children skip-

**The more his classmates teased him, the more determined Kevin became that he would teach tricks to the cleverest pony in Ireland**

# THE CIRCUS PONY

stretched out on the hearthrug with a book propped between her elbows, and Kevin sensed that she was slyly watching him, determined that he wouldn't be first out of the room to meet the car. Joan, the youngest, was kneeling at the sofa with her dolls and scolding her teddy bear for having fallen forward with outstretched arms and

"Come back at once!" Eileen ordered as Rita and Kevin struggled for possession of the doorknob. But Rita ignored her, shouldered Kevin aside, and was first out to meet the car as it drove up with its roof white with hailstones.

Usually they all fought to open the car door, but this evening they held back,

ping with delight on hearing his tiny hooves tinkle on the tiles.

"Glory be to God what have you here!" the mother said, her hands white with flour. "Where on earth did you pick up that toy?"

"No toy at all," the father answered, and lifting the pony's long tail he used it to dust the window sill. "He can be



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Henry Hoffman

used for many things, and I believe he can do tricks to no end. He's so clever he can almost tell what you're thinking."

"I know what I'll be thinking if you don't take him out of my kitchen and let me get the tea ready in some sort of Christian decency," and she patted the pony, leaving a floury mark on his forehead.

"He can sleep in my room in the corner, can't he, Mammy?" Kevin was asking, but before she had time to reply the father was leading the pony out to the yard again. And leaning into the back of the car, he produced another surprise for them: a leather saddle complete with stirrups. As he strapped it on the pony, Kevin and Rita pushed one another and shouted, "Me first, Daddy. Oh, please, please!" Without a word the father lifted Joan on to its back and, as he led it by the bridle, her mother waved out to her from the kitchen window.

SOON all had rides on it except Eileen, and when it came her turn she refused to take it.

"I'm too heavy," she protested as Kevin and Rita tugged at her arms.

"She's afraid! Eileen's afraid," they chanted.

"I'm not afraid."

"Then why don't you go for your ride?"

"I don't want to."

"Come on, Eileen," enticed the father, patting the saddle. "He's as quiet as a rabbit. He'll not throw you."

"I'd only hurt him," she said, disengaging Kevin's hand as he dragged her forward.

"Daddy," Kevin pleaded, "get him to do some tricks."

"Oh, do, do!" Rita said.

"Some other day, but not now. He's tired after his journey and we can't stay out in the cold all evening."

"Just get him to do one."

He didn't listen to them. He lit the hurricane lamp and led the pony out of the draughty yard and into the warm stable. Dolly, the mare, turned her head slowly and glanced sideways at the pony. Beside her great bulk he looked like a strange, undeveloped foal, a foal that could pass under her belly without touching her. He pressed against her front leg and pulled hay from the manger, their shadows swinging on the wall in the swaying light from the lamp.

"Oh, is he not ours forever, Daddy? Can we not buy him?"

"Nothing could buy him. His circus would collapse without him. He has to go back before Easter."

"But why can't we buy him? Why, Daddy, Why?" Kevin said, plucking his father's sleeve.

"Hurry in out of the cold," the father said and bolted the stable door. It seemed suddenly darker outside, the lamplight flashed on the wet concrete, more stars in the sky and one trembling in the middle of the yard. An airplane zoomed overhead but none of the children looked up to pick out its red and green lights.

At the tea table the father related how he had managed to get the pony on loan and how, without fail, he would have to be sent back at Easter to join his traveling circus. Shaking a finger at Kevin he warned him never to take the pony out on to the road. They could ride him up and down to the gate and around the sloping field as soon as the fresh grass began to rise.

He explained how he was to be combed and brushed, how foddered and bedded, and what polish to use on the

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• Nothing is impossible to the fellow who doesn't have to do it himself.

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—Quote

saddle. He mentioned everything except what mattered most: how you got the pony to do his tricks.

"Tomorrow you'll show us, won't you, Daddy?"

"I'll see," the father smiled. "I may have to ask his permission first. If he broke his leg doing a trick, what'd we do?"

"Tell them the truth and don't torment them any longer," the mother said. She waited but he didn't answer her. "It's my firm belief you don't know at all," she added.

"The owner told me he's the cleverest pony in Ireland. He can do everything but talk."

The mother shook her head and turned to Kevin. "Go to bed, son. If the pony can do all these things you'll be the one to make him. No one else could do it but you."

"That settles it," the father said. "We'll leave all his capers and performances in Kevin's hands. Here and now we appoint him chief ringmaster."

When Kevin was in bed, Rita came into his room and got in beside him for a few minutes, and they lay and talked about the pony and arranged to call him Dandy. No other name would suit, and if Eileen wanted to change it they wouldn't allow her.

"And when we know how he does his tricks, we'll sweep out the far end of the hay shed and invite people to see him," Kevin said.

"I hear Eileen coming up the stairs," Rita whispered. "I must go."

Next morning Kevin awoke early. A light covering of snow had fallen during the night and his room dazzled in the reflected whiteness. As he dressed he looked down at the yard to where drips from the eaves drew a dark line on the snow beneath. The pump with its neck maned with snow looked like a stiff little pony drinking at the water trough; and there were even drips from its mouth tracing little circles on the water, little circles that looped together for a moment and then disappeared. That's how Dandy would drink, Kevin thought; and he wished at that instant to be taking him out into the yard just to see how his hooves would print a black letter "n" all over the surface of the snow.

HE hurried to school, running ahead of Rita and Joan. He was full of the pony, and the boys gathered round him in the playground to hear about it. It was a prize circus pony, he told them, and it could do tricks to no end. What kind of tricks could it do? Oh, all kinds: it could catch the handle of the pump in its mouth and pump up the water. What else could it do? Kevin hesitated, drawing up from his memory tricks he had seen ponies do in Christmas circuses in Belfast. It could beg for bread, he told them, and it could give you its right hoof like a dog giving you its paw. It could walk round on its hind legs and it could lie down and pretend to be dead. It could add up sums like two and three, and six and four and tap out the answer with its foot. And if you put colored handkerchiefs in a box and ask it to pick out a red one, it would lift it out with its teeth and drop it at your feet like a dog with a rabbit.

He allowed three boys to come home with him after school, but when they reached the end of the drive below the house they heard his dogs barking and refused to go any further till he had locked them in. He ran up the drive, barred the dogs in a shed, and whistled to his three friends who stood swinging on the roadside gate. They immediately threw their schoolbags behind the gatepost and raced up to him, and there in the safe silence of the yard they looked over the half-door of the stable at the black pony. It was, indeed, a wee beauty! And then he pointed to the saddle hanging from a peg in the wall. It took their breath away! The hard, shiny stirrups and the leather polished like a new chestnut. They would all get rides on it, but not today. He wouldn't be allowed to take

it out to the fields till the ground warmed. They would have to wait.

He let them into the stable, one at a time, to stroke the pony's head and to feel the steel stirrups and the saddle. In hushed voices they called out "Dandy! Dandy!" and to Kevin's surprise the pony cocked its ears and the mare stamped a hind foot on the straw.

"Get him to lie down and die, Kevin."

"No, no, get him to do a sum."

"Not now," Kevin said, "He doesn't like performing in a stable, and into the bargain he'd only upset the mare."

At that moment Kevin's mother rapped the window sharply and called him for his dinner. His three friends scampered off, collected their schoolbags at the gate, and agreed among themselves that it was the dinkiest pony in the whole world.

In the succeeding days the sun lengthened his stride up the sky, the withered grass shriveled from the rising green in the fields, and the mare and the pony were put out to graze. Kevin and his sisters hurried home from school to ride the pony before the sudden fall of evening and, since Kevin hadn't yet discovered how the pony could be enticed to do a trick, he allowed the two dogs to accompany him, an unexpressed warning to his school friends not to come into the field.

FROM gaps in the hedge they would shout up to him: "Kevin, make him do a trick. . . . Make him do a trick. . . . Take in the dogs and give us rides apiece." And as the pony jogged around, now with Kevin on its back, now with Rita, and now with Joan, bursts of enraged impatience would rush from the outcast spectators. "Make him gallop. . . . Ah, he can't run. . . . You'd get a better jaunt on a donkey."

"Come on, Kevin, and we'll hiss the dogs on them," Rita would urge.

"Pretend you don't hear them," Eileen would advise.

"They'll change their tune when Daddy shows us how he does his tricks. Won't they, Eileen?"

"I'm sure they will."

But with each day that passed Dandy displayed no mysterious inclination to do anything out of the ordinary. Kevin's friends ceased coming near the field, and in school they often challenged him to race his prize pony against one of their old donkeys. They never wearied in their taunts and mockery. He grew to hate the school, and one evening as he followed his father round the stables, beseeching him to get the pony to do a trick, his father shouted at him to give over and give



*Kevin grew to hate school. He wanted to forget about the pony's tricks*

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY S. HARTMAN

his head peace sometime. "I don't know how he does his tricks and I don't care. You're never satisfied with anything. Away and ride him round the fields and don't bother me any more!"

The next morning he didn't go to school. He pretended he was sick. He stayed away for three days. He wanted to forget about the pony's tricks but, when he returned to school, the boys wouldn't allow him to forget. They mimicked him with cruel exaggeration. "When it begs for bread, give it a loaf with jam on it. . . . It's the cutest pony in Ireland. . . . It can do sums that'd puzzle the master."

But the following day, St. Patrick's Day, the miracle happened. Kevin, Rita, and Joan were playing near the orchard, fixing a swing to an ash-bough, when they heard in the distance the sound of the Lough Neagh Flute Band that was marching to the opening of a new sports ground near the chapel. They threw down their ropes, raced to the gate, closed it, and stood up on the bars to await the band.

KEVIN was on the topmost bar and by turning his head he saw the band as it came along. The band-leader, out in front in his blue uniform and white gloves, was twirling a pole with a silver knob that caught the sun. The sound of the flutes and the big drum swamped the noise of the marching feet of the bandsmen and the stumbling feet of the boys who straggled at each side of the road. The sticks drubbed with furious rapidity on the kettledrums, and their sounds ribbed out and belabored the air with a frantic tizzing and frangling that forced Joan to draw back in fear.

The band came abreast of the gate and Kevin looked down at it, seeing the fingers hopping madly on the flutes and the tiny pages of music with their printed notes like wriggling tadpoles. A boy with spectacles clashed cymbals together, the kettledrums rolled out once more, and the air pranced with vigorous delight. The band passed the gate, but Joan, who was peering fearfully through the hedge, screamed out, "Look! Look what Dandy's doing!"

Near the roadside hedge Dandy was parading round in a circle, nodding his head, lifting his forefeet with exaggerated precision and increasing his pace to the roll of the drums. And then, at the sudden cessation of the kettledrums and at the deep incoming beat from the big drum, he rose up on his hindlegs, pirouetted and boxed the air.

The roadside hedge was now lined with heads at all levels, laughing and cheering the pony. And the bandsmen

marched on, and their leader tossed up his tasseled pole, twirled it dexterously to the cheers behind him, and strode ahead with ceremonial pomposity. Dandy followed the band on the inside of the hedge, but at the end of the field where a fence blocked his way he halted with his right foreleg raised like an equestrian statue and his ears pricked toward the dwindling sound of the music. Tearing across the field to him came the three children shrieking with delight.

In school the next day everyone was talking about him and of the strange acts he had performed for the Lough Neagh Flute Band, and after school six or seven boys bolted down their dinner and set off to see for themselves the tricks of this wonderful pony. When they arrived at the field, the two dogs were nowhere to be seen and the boys scrambled boldly through holes in the hedge and raced up to Kevin and Rita. Eileen was in the field too, holding Joan by the hand.

In front of the pony's head, Kevin stood with an empty milk can and a stick. He was hammering at the bottom

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• When we are too young we do not judge aright; and it is so when we are too old.—Pascal

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of it, but the pony, with the vacant saddle on its back, was showing no interest in the unrhythmical sound. Kevin's friends drew closer to him and pulling pencils from their pockets they held them to their mouths like a flute, ran their fingers along them, and began to whistle. Kevin flogged away at the can with his stick. The pony shook itself, turned his back on them, and began to graze.

"Dandy!" Kevin shouted, and he jerked the reins till the pony faced them again.

"Ach, he's stupid," one of the boys said with disgust.

"He's the cutest and cleverest pony in Ireland. Everybody knows it," Kevin said.

"Make him give you his paw."

"Make him lie down and die."

"Make him do something and not keep us standing here all day."

"Nobody's asking you to stand here all day!" Rita said pertly.

"Give us a ride on him."

"We're not allowed to," Rita said, tossing her head.

The boys laughed and elbowed one another. One of them lifted a lump of sod and threw it at the pony.

"Just for that we'll not get him to do any tricks!" Kevin said.

"You don't know how! You don't know how!" they chanted.

"Don't I! I could get him to do thousands of tricks!"

"Get him to do them then! Get him to do one!"

"Go on home out of this," Eileen said, noticing that Kevin was nearly in tears.

"We'll go when we're ready. You think because you're at a convent school you can order us about," one said, and they giggled and stumbled against her.

"I'll get the dogs and they'll fix you!" she said. On hearing this they fled down the field and on to the road where they hung about, shouting and jeering.

rita lifted Kevin's stick, marched to the pony, and mounted him smartly. She tapped him with the stick and he suddenly took fright and galloped down the sloping field. She was bounced about without grace or rhythm. She tried not to scream, and as she was joggled off she held on to the reins and was dragged along the ground. She heard a volley of cheers from the road and she scrambled to her feet and lashed out at the pony with her stick. And suddenly the pony rose up stiffly on its hindlegs, grimaced horribly, the silver bit in its mouth and grass between its teeth.

"Rita! Rita!" Eileen yelled as she and Kevin ran down to her. Eileen snatched the stick and broke it in two, the pony still pirouetting and breathing with a fearful, choking sound.

"Now you see how you get him to do his tricks! You see it now!" Eileen said in a broken voice. "It's horrible, horrible," she cried.

"There, Dandy! That'll do! Down, please, down!" she said soothingly, and at that moment saw the fear of punishment in its dark eyes, saw the cruelty that produced circus joys.

At last, exhausted, the pony placed its forefeet on the ground. Its sides heaved rapidly and little patches like snow gathered at the corners of its mouth. It stood still, subdued, motionless with expectant fear.

Rita was crying and rubbing her knee, and Joan was helping her to pick the pieces of crushed grass from her frock.

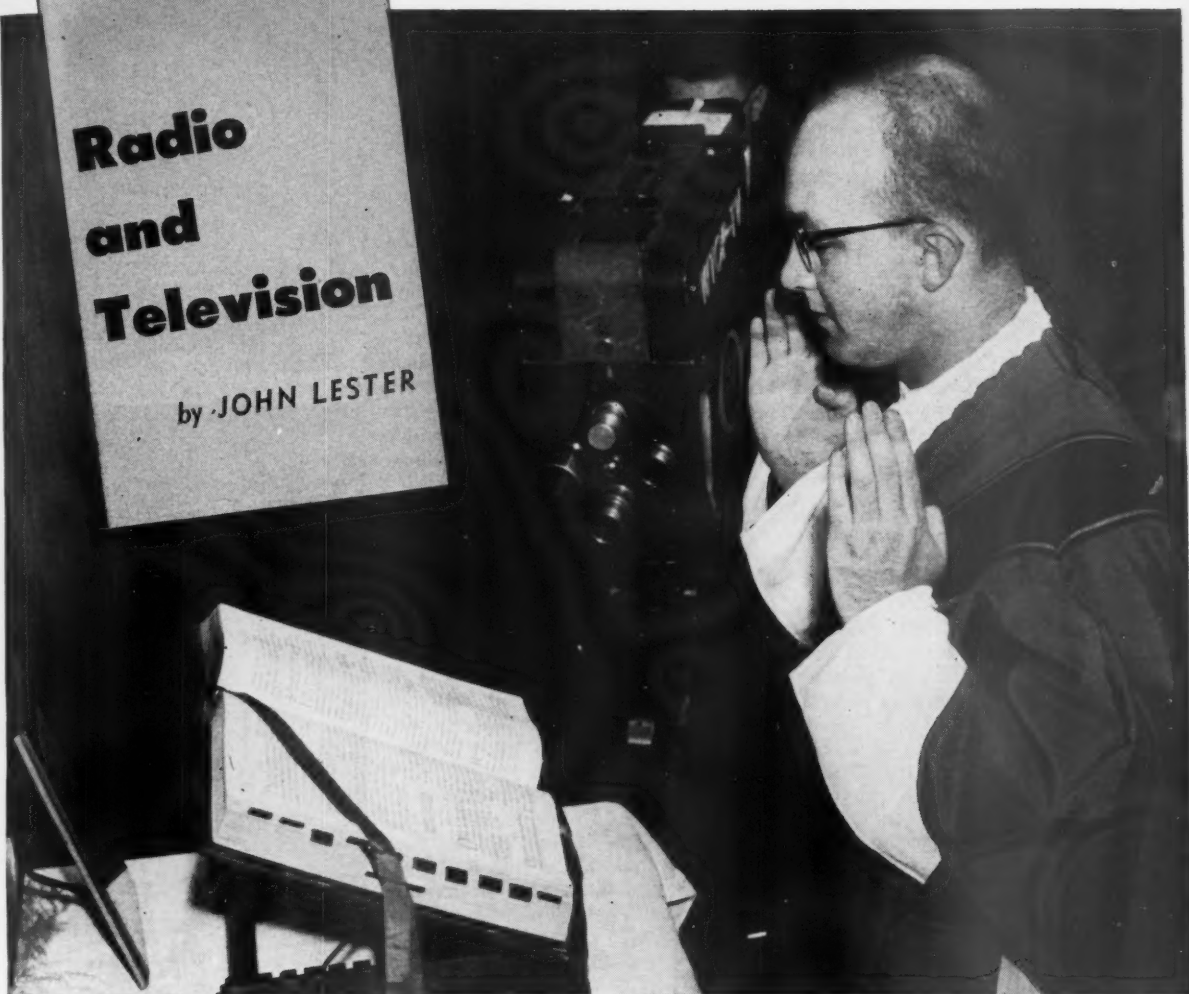
Kevin stared dumbly, now at the pony, and now at the broken stick lying at Eileen's feet. He was thinking of something, something that puzzled him. But what it was he did not know.

"Get him to do it again!" Came a prolonged shout from the roadside, "Get him to do it again!" But none of the four children seemed to hear what was shouted up at them.



# Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER



Father Robert A. O'Donnell, C.S.P., celebrates Mass for WTOP-TV viewers on "Mass for Shut-ins"

IT'S both ironic and tragic that TV should contribute so much money to the estate of the great short-story writer known to the world as "O. Henry."

William Sidney Porter was the "square" name of this shy, prolific, vastly talented man who's generally regarded as the originator of the "switch" or "surprise" ending, but who probably never saw the magic pictures.

Penniless and in debt most of his nomadic life, Porter's collection of nearly 500 short stories didn't really "catch on" until after his death. His estate profited some more when Hollywood produced several of his properties, but money came in a steady stream when his "Cisco Kid" was chosen as the central character for an adventure-action tele-series.

Irony played a part here, too, because Porter only mentioned "Cisco" in a brief paragraph in one of his stories, never wrote about him at length, but the Mexican "Robin Hood" was an instant hit with viewers and made for-

tunes for the author's estate as well as for a bankrupt Bulgarian actor, Duncan Renaldo, of New Jersey.

Now, TV will make still more money posthumously for "O. Henry" via a weekly, half-hour, filmed series of that name with Thomas Mitchell portraying Porter and Ernest Borgnine, Mona Freeman, Marjorie Rambeau, and others of that level appearing in "character" bits.

This series is produced by two of TV's wisest heads, Jack Gross and Phil Krasne, who've been responsible for the success of *Big Town*, *The Cisco Kid*, *Mayor of the Town*, also starring Mitchell, and *The Lone Wolf*, starring Louis Hayward, among other top-rated shows. Gross and Krasne have rights to about 250 short stories in the "O. Henry" collection and have adapted them so faithfully that even the most exacting students of the famous author should be satisfied.

Treatment is varied and Mitchell never appears in the rather tiresome and

unoriginal capacity of "host" to introduce or tell the story involved on any given week. Instead, he'll be seen as the "passive" central figure to which certain things happen, as the subject of a story told by or seen through the eyes of his landlady, a flower girl, or some other personality, or the viewer will be allowed to look over his shoulder as he composes one of his quick masterpieces out of thin air and under pressure of dunning.

I'm putting this one down on my "Must See" list for 1956-57.

Its premiere date hadn't been announced at press time.

## Around the World

The Admiral Corp. relays some interesting information regarding inquiries about its new (exclusive) sun-powered, tubeless radio, inquiries that have come from Greenland, the wilds of Mexico, Pakistan, and various isolated sections of Africa, among other places.

Even the Pakistan government expressed considerable interest in the radio for purposes of mass communication.

People in all or most of these sections have used battery-powered radios in the past but batteries run down and tubes wear out.

The tubeless, sun-powered sets are insurance against wear and tear, the nearest thing to perpetual motion, hence the widespread interest in these spots, most of which are without electricity!

#### In Japan

More American shows are being bought for Japanese TV, including Broderick Crawford's *Highway Patrol*, and the *Science Fiction Theatre*, and the Japanese Finance Ministry is foot-casting the bills!

Both programs will be shown on *The Golden Hour*, beginning soon, a choice time previously reserved for the best Nipponese shows.

Incidentally, Jap TV people estimate that about 425,000 receivers are in use throughout their country with production averaging about 20,000 sets a month. Most popular set is the 14-inch screen which costs about 93,000 yen, or about \$260. Next most popular is the 17-inch screen, which goes for about 163,000 yen, or about \$450. The 21-inch screen sells for 230,000 yen, about \$640 in American money.

#### In Australia

The stalemate over TV coverage of the upcoming Olympic Games in Melbourne, Australia, continues, and I'm surprised at the attitude of the Australian government in this matter.

TV interests, principally American and English, took it for granted at the outset that they'd be allowed unlimited coverage rights. Their expectations weren't at all unusual since the Olympics are considered a "plum" and countries all over the world compete for them every four years. Not only do they bring millions of dollars in tourist and other trade into the country fortunate enough to be chosen, but they're the springboard for tons of free publicity, which can't be computed in terms of money.

The smart thing for Australia to do under the circumstances would be to give TV interests—especially American TV—carte blanche coverage rights.

Instead, the government set up all sorts of restrictions, including filming charges, if you can imagine such a thing. As a result, the TV folk are understandably disgusted and, unless the Aussie committee backs down, have threatened to skip the whole thing!

Although I can appreciate their dis-

gust and frustration at the Aussie stand, frankly, I don't see how they can pass up the games, as their coverage is absolutely mandatory.

The Olympics are always important events, both from an athletic and straight news viewpoint, but they've assumed political and diplomatic importance in recent years with the emergence of Russia as a top contender.

They simply can't be passed up this time around and I'm sure they won't be.

#### The Mass On TV

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been on television many times but never before in exactly the same way as its currently presented each Sunday morning in Washington, D.C., over stations WTOP-TV and WRC-TV.

Called *The Mass for Shut-Ins*, it has been on the air regularly for over three and a half years, the first, second, and fourth Sundays of every month from Broadcast House via WTOP-TV, and the third and fifth Sundays from the Sheraton-Park Hotel, via WRC-TV.

Each Sunday the studio is converted into a liturgical chapel and between twenty-five and thirty worshippers are allowed to attend, nearly all of whom receive Holy Communion.

Organ music is used for background behind the voices of the narrator, Dr. Shane MacCarthy, who explains the Mass step-by-step, and a reader of the prayers, Father William P. Anderson, who provides English translations of parts of the Mass.

Recorded religious music is played in the studio (only) about ten minutes before the Mass goes on the air for the benefit of those in attendance. And an overhead mirror gives both studio members and viewers unusual close-ups of the most important parts of the Sacrifice. This is not an attempt at theatrics, of course, but is intended to take advantage of television's unique possibilities for intimacy and, in turn, it provides greater knowledge of the more sacred and solemn parts of the Mass for shut-ins and others.

#### Gleason and Cake

As everyone must know by now, Jackie Gleason abandoned his Saturday night hour of "live" comedy and variety about a year ago in favor of the half-hour, filmed *Honeymooners* series because—or so he said—the former was "too tough, too much work."

But he quickly learned that a top star can't have his cake and eat it, too. His ratings dropped off and a persistent and logical clamor by public and press finally convinced him that "live" TV was his metier and that a full hour, no less, was his natural time-spread. So, Jackie

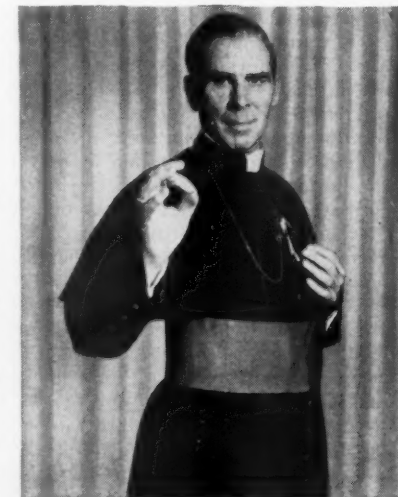


**FAMILY FARE**—Paul Winchell, shown above with his sidekick, Jerry Mahoney, stars on the ABC-TV program "Circus Time," on which he presents straight variety with the accent on circus acts



**LEAHY ON TV**—Frank Leahy, former Notre Dame grid mentor, is host and sports reporter on new ABC-TV musical series, "The Ray Anthony Show." Critics acclaim his warmth and sincerity as a TV performer

**TV PRELATE**—In his fifth TV season, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen discards the "intellectual" discussion format of his "Life is Worth Living" series in favor of stories of great men and women



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**DOCUMENTARY**—"The West Point Story," filmed with co-operation of the United States Military Academy, is a human-interest documentary dealing with the men and traditions of West Point



**TELECASTER**—Red Grange, right, ex-gridiron hero, also known as the "Galloping Ghost," has turned football commentator and now teams with Lindsey Nelson on the NCAA "Game of the Week" telecasts



**DANCING CLOWN**—Ray Bolger returned to TV in the hour-long "Washington Square" series, as a personality whose infectious spirit touches the lives of his many colorful neighbors

bowed to the inevitable and returned to public and press the show it wanted from the man they had dubbed "Mr. Saturday Night," and another season is currently under way on CBS-TV, Saturdays from 8 to 9 P. M.

Substantially, it is the same show as in the past in that it features plenty of Gleason and is liberally dotted with skits involving "The Poor Soul," "Joe, the Bartender," "Reggie Van Gleason, III," and other Gleason characters, and "The Honeymooners" are back as an insert with Jackie, Audrey Meadows, Art Carney, and Joyce Randolph.

The June Taylor dancers are back, as are the "Portrettes," a group of showgirl types who do some announcing and generally pretty-up the place, and sixteen "Glee Girls" have been added to supplement the dancers and add still more beauty.

Jackie hasn't changed much, although he seems improved in many respects, but I have the feeling that's because we're just happy to have him back in his natural element. He's still a little boy underneath that big, fat-man exterior, a little boy who displays his talent for comedy and drama like a new toy, one who is continually amazed at his own effectiveness.

There also is in him a feeling of fright, awe, and wonder at the rest of the world, as well as something deeply tender, lost, sensitive, and a little sad.

These basic elements, I think, explain Jackie's tremendous sentimental appeal, without which few comics are any good at all and no comic is ever great or lasting. They also are the core of Jackie's ability to generate laughs and fun, to build chuckles, smiles, and little laughs into roars of delight.

And one more thing: He's wonderful to watch.

#### In Review

*Stanley*, three Mondays out of four on NBC-TV, 8:30 to 9 P. M., NYT, stars comic Buddy Hackett as the proprietor of a news and candy nook in a large Manhattan hotel. Widely heralded but disappointing so far. For adults and limited kiddie audience.

*The Jonathan Winters Show*, Tuesdays on NBS-TV, 7:30 to 7:45 P. M., NYT, should be one of the outstanding comedy entries of the season, but isn't. Winters too limited by format and time.

*The Brothers*, Tuesdays on CBS-TV, 8:30 to 9 P. M., NYT, stars Gale Gordon and Bob Sweeney as "The Box Brothers," a team of family photographers. I'll be surprised if this doesn't develop into one of the comedy-situation hits of the year. For adults.

*The Adventures of Hiram Holliday*, Wednesdays on NBC-TV, 8 to 8:30 P. M.,

NYT, marks the return to regular TV of Wally Cox. "Hiram," a mild-mannered proofreader on a New York daily, combines the qualities of James Thurber's "Walter Mitty" and "Superman," is a creation of Paul Gallico. Imaginative adults should find this relaxation and fun.

*The Zane Grey Theatre*, Fridays on CBS-TV, 8:30 to 9 P. M., NYT, hosted by producer Dick Powell, presents stories from the collection of the noted adventure-series author. Good adult fare.

*The Walter Winchell Show*, Fridays on NBC-TV, 8:30 to 9 P. M., NYT, stars the noted columnist-commentator as emcee of a variety show. Premiere Oct. 5 was a smoothly produced, well-integrated half-hour but succeeding programs have been hot and cold.

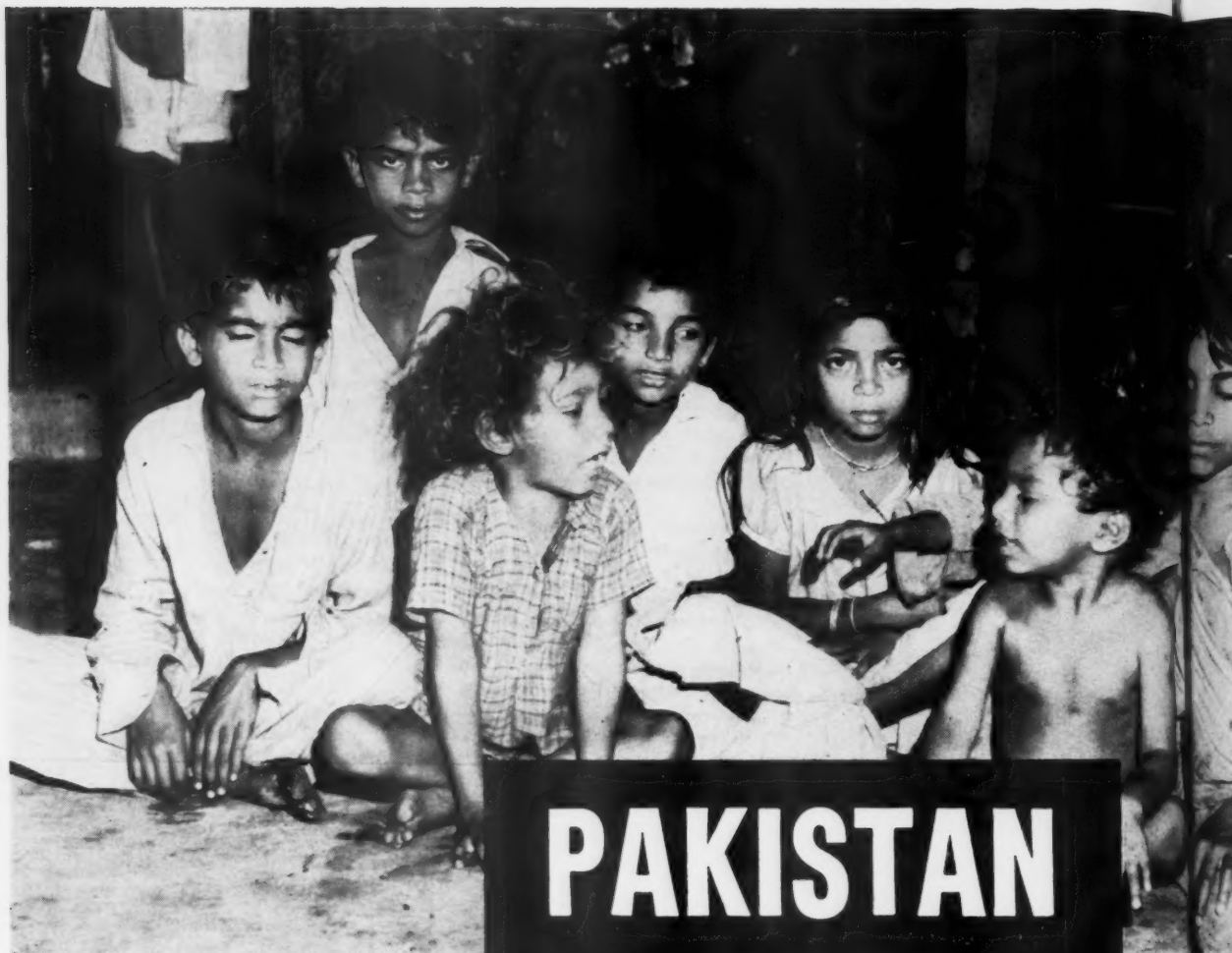
#### In Brief

Several all-animal series (absolutely no humans) are being readied for TV. One is *Puppy Tales*, another is *Dogtown*, and both have only canine actors. In the latter, the pooches will appear in regular weekly dramas. It's like I've always said: People are doomed on TV! . . . Donald O'Connor conducting "The Los Angeles Doctors' Orchestra" in several charity concerts. The group is composed exclusively of physicians and should be a good bet for TV. . . . Sportscaster Clem McCarthy isn't improving as rapidly as expected and hoped. . . . Eve Arden signed a new five-year exclusive contract with CBS and, at the same time, turned over her interest in *Our Miss Brooks* to the web in exchange for several million dollars. . . . A new *Charlie Chan* tele-series in preparation stars J. Carrol Naish, as "Chan," and restaurateur Benson Fong as "No. One Son". . . . Steve Allen's book, *The Funny Men*, has sold almost 15,000 copies to date and goes into a fourth printing any day. . . . Lawrence Welk predicts a dance band boom "bigger than that of the 30's," thanks to TV. . . . Gertrude Berg to tour in *Arsenic and Old Lace* this season.

Jimmy Durante wants to play the retired postman who runs a "Hotel For Pets" in the TV version of the radio series of that name. . . . Contracts for the Constance and Joan Bennett tele-series were finally signed.

Ed Sullivan rounding up a gang of stars for his Jan. 2 "tribute" to Eddie Cantor and is pulling all possible strings to get Deanna Durbin, another Cantor discovery, as a "surprise" guest. Since it's no secret that Deanna is tired of retirement, she may make the trip over from Europe. . . . Just for the record: Gordon MacRae will rack up an extra \$175,000 this season just for hosting the *Lux Video Theatre*.





# PAKISTAN

by JOHN P. CALLAHAN

## *A report on the heroic*

Just behind the slaughterhouse in the stench-filled still air of Lyari Quarters, a full-bearded giant of a priest sat on the step of his tin-roof mission church, humming the tune of a narrative hymn: "Lord, What a Lovely Spot It Is."

In this setting of abject poverty, emphasized by the stark, unchanging sight of disease-ridden children and fate-whipped adults, nothing could have sounded more incongruous, more ironical, to a visiting Western layman than this seemingly inappropriate tune: Here was a priest for whom one of the most depressing areas in all of Asia was a continuing inspiration to privileged sacrifice.

This rugged yet gentle man of God typified the devotion with which eight Bishops aided by more than three hundred religious and secular priests administer to the spiritual and material welfare of a quarter-million Catholics







**LEFT.** Children gather at a playground in Pakistan. Here missionaries bring them milk—a treat equal to ice cream for Americans



**TOP LEFT:** A Dutch Franciscan calls on a parishioner, who smokes her hubble-bubble water pipe



**TOP RIGHT.** A volunteer Dutch nurse cares for an undernourished Moslem child in Karachi

**LEFT.** Pakistan children two-to-three-years old seldom raise the scales to fifteen pounds

## *work of Catholic missionaries in a poor, disease-ridden Moslem land*

among the predominantly Moslem population of 80,000,000 in Pakistan.

Father Macedo Bodgaard is a Dutch Franciscan who has been pastor of Lyari Parish since 1947. During his nine years there, the number of Father Bodgaard's parishioners has risen from a few hundred "Palm Sunday" Catholics to about seven hundred weekly Communicants. They represent about half of the otherwise Moslem population in the slaughterhouse area.

Actually, all of the people in the area turn to Father Bodgaard in their troubles. Every day of the week, hundreds of diseased children and adults line up for treatment and free medicine, much of it donated by UNICEF. Father's dispensary, one of a hundred hospitals, clinics, and orphanages operated by the Church throughout Pakistan, is housed in a fly-ridden basha, a bamboo-screened structure about the size of a roadside

bus-shelter on an American highway.

The tragic sight of grossly undernourished children is commonplace in Asia, and the aftermath of this condition is horribly reflected or projected in the appearance of their parents who seldom live to their thirtieth year.

Jaundice, cholera, tuberculosis, all marked by constant fever, are among the diseases that are attributed to vitamin deficiencies and just plain lack of hygienic standards that are taken for granted in the West.

Emphasizing the prevalence of extreme poverty are the "homes" of the slaughterhouse people. During his rounds, that began in the comparatively "cool" temperature of 80°F. at 8:30 one April morning this year, Father Bodgaard took a lay observer through a community where the lanes were overwashed by backed-up sewage canals. The better bashas had cement floors and

walls, roofed with interlacing of bamboo.

In one of these bashas lived Saradan, his wife and five children. His was a show place in the community typical of thousands "maintained" by the Pakistan Government Refugee Rehabilitation Division for the million refugees who are part of the 2,000,000 population in the capital, Karachi.

Saradan and his family live in comparative comfort on the sixty rupees (\$12.) that he earns each month as a municipal sweeper. His one-room home, with nine religious pictures on the walls, boasted two beds, a few chairs, and cupboards. The beds were used as chairs for the guests, and during our visit we had tea while our hostess puffed away on a hubble-bubble pipe.

The layman may come away depressed from such a scene, but he also leaves with envy and amazement at the tran-

quility of the Catholic missionaries who live joyously and most sacrificially in a place where the magnitude of the job to be done appears discouragingly enormous.

In this respect, Father Bodgaard's "routine" is not unlike that of other Catholic missionaries who work in the sun-scorched deserts and flood-ravaged deltas of the Indian subcontinent.

Another illustration of the inspired determination of Catholic missionaries is the case of Sister Mary Benedict, a surgeon, of the American Order of Medical Mission Sisters. Back in 1953, after almost a decade of experience in East Bengal that included several hundred major operations, Sister Benedict decided that the ten-room rambling structure named Holy Family Hospital in Dacca, the capital of that eastern province of Pakistan, had to be enlarged.

Admirers of Sister Benedict, including Iskander Mirza, President of Pakistan, like to tell one story among many that illustrates her range of abilities.

A group of distinguished foreign surgeons, on a tour of Asian hospitals, stopped off in Dacca to see the lady whose record of major operations had caught the ear of the College of Surgeons. This is an elite corps whose membership is weighed by exceptionally outstanding accomplishments in surgery. Waiting in the sparse shade of a banana tree, they were distracted from their observations of a long line of tent-clad women patients and a small herd of cows, bullocks, and goats roaming in the compound, by the sight and roar of a truck that grumbled to a grinding halt at the hospital entrance.

Expecting to see a native step from behind the wheel, they were more than wide-eyed in reaction to the sight of the driver: a lively lady dressed in spotless white habit and dirt-free white shoes—Doctor Sister Mary Benedict. Sister had just returned somewhat triumphant, with promises from provincial government officials of financial assistance for her projected 350-bed octagonal-shaped hospital.

A little while later, after tea and "shop" talk, the professional guests left, and not too many months later the name of Sister Mary Benedict was added to the impressive but short list of distinguished surgeons of the United States.

Since then Sister Benedict has won the hearts of thousands of Moslems who earlier this year saw the realization of a dream nurtured by a determined nun. Holy Family is one of the best-equipped, most modern hospitals in the subcontinent. But behind that story

lies a greater one, involving weeks of worry and several trips half way round the world by the little lady to raise the money that many persons told her was an "impossible" goal.

The Church's efforts to bring Catholicism to a stronghold of Islam may be statistically unimpressive when one compares the figures: 250,000 out of a population of 80,000,000. But if boasting were ever justified, the priests and religious could point proudly to the devotion with which that quarter-million practices Catholicism.

The answer, or part of it, to the large number of attendants at daily Mass, to the long queues of weekly confessions, and to overcrowded fifteen Sunday and holyday Masses in the large Cathedral of St. Patrick's in Karachi and the mission churches that dot the agrarian up-country districts—the answer lies in the concern for their flock shown by missionaries. In West Pakistan, for example, Archbishop Cornelius Von Miltenberg, who also is the Papal Nuncio, spends more than half of the year traveling by jeep, donkey, plane, train, and often on foot. His schedule includes overseeing distribution of food donated by various Catholic agencies in Europe and the United States. Instructions for First Holy Communion and Confirmation are timed by His Grace to coincide with his "rounds" through Sind, a district bordering India and the Arabian Sea, the Punjab (800 miles north of his base in Karachi), and the Northwest Frontier section below the Soviet border.

Again, returning to East Bengal—as East Pakistan has been better known since before the creation of Pakistan in 1947—we see Archbishop William Grainer, of the Dacca diocese, fording a turbulent stream on his way to one of the thousands of rice-paddy villages where the Holy Cross Fathers have been bringing the word of God for a century. These priests maintain grade and vocational schools, operate leprosaria, and distribute food and clothing among a provincial population of 45,000,000.

In the district of Mymensingh, East Bengal, near the Assam border of India and lying in the heart of the Garrow Hills jungle, a Holy Cross Father recently completed a "routine" that began in the pre-dawn hours. The land was flooded during that third week of the Monsoon; the annual trek of homeless millions to places in the hills had begun. In the wake of their nomadic shift, a family left behind one of its

older men, a leper who couldn't walk.

Contrary to the widespread misconception of leprosy as immediately contagious, the Holy Cross Father waded a river, placed the abandoned man on his back and brought him five miles to the leprosarium, to which word of the abandonment had been brought by a "brave" relative before he fled the threatened inundation of the family's village.

I saw that leper and twenty-four others in various stages of dismemberment, tended with professional and maternal care by three nuns—French, English, and American—who live a quarter-mile from the parish house within sight of a panther's lair. Their hospital is a model of cleanliness, the key requirement to the arresting of leprosy. Depending on the extent to which the disease has spread on a victim, they are cleaned and bandaged twice to seven and eight times a day. Emphasizing the protective effect of constant attention to cleanliness among lepers and those who take care of them, the nuns were robustly healthy, to a degree that gave an observer pause when he compared their fresh, smiling faces with those of American women who hide their pallor behind a multi-million-dollar cosmetics industry.

The ability of missionaries to laugh was never affected by the unrelenting pressure of their work; in almost every day they were able to see a ray of cheerfulness in an atmosphere less than remotely conducive to being even ordinarily pleasant. During brief vacations away from their students and patients, they could play a lively game of tennis or row a boat with the holiday eagerness that they displayed long, long ago in a land they'll never see again.

Further emphasizing the magnitude of the Church's effort in Pakistan are statistics. In themselves numbers are dull and impersonal; they hide the human side of the undertaking. Yet figures such as these do carry an impact.

Here are a few that point up the almost impossible dual challenge confronting a child born in the subcontinent and the ability of Catholic medical missionaries to help that child survive:

The infant mortality rate exceeds 50 per cent. Those who survive the first year can look forward to an average life span of twenty-nine years.

Supplementary to the medical care (including \$20,000 of such supplies annually) provided by Catholic missionaries, the Church also furnishes millions of Pakistanis of all denominations with food and clothing in quantities that indicate the enormity of the program.

In a single year, 6,000,000 pounds of  
(Continued on page 71)

JOHN P. CALLAHAN began his career in the field of public relations. Since 1945 he has been a reporter on the staff of the New York Times

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Charlton Heston as Moses in "The Ten Commandments"

### **The Ten Commandments**

Once again Cecil B. DeMille blends Scripture, spectacle, and sex in a production of tremendous visual appeal, satisfactory approach to its spiritual moments, but somewhat less than a triumph dramatically. Perhaps the reason for its cushioned impact lies in the inordinate length—3 hours and 39 minutes—which adds up to a lot of movie, no matter how spectacular or expensive it may be.

This is the story of Moses and of the Children of Israel during the terrible years of their Egyptian bondage, the exodus from slavery, and the awe-inspiring climax in which Moses receives the Law of God on Mount Sinai. To this DeMille has added scenes of Egyptian court intrigue and a rather bizarre romantic triangle involving the young Moses, Prince Rameses, and the Egyptian Throne Princess Nefretiri. Most of this is conventional Hollywood, the price to be paid for getting a religious theme on the screen at all. Fortunately, it is extremely well acted, which prevents these sequences from being sheer bathos.

Visually, this is a magnificent DeMille achievement. With his usual eye for spectacular effect, he has created vast canvases in which thousands of extras build pyramids, dash wildly through the gap in the Red Sea, debauch themselves before the Golden Calf, and wander disconsolately through the desert for forty penitential years.

In the selection of his cast, the wise showman has exhibited more than his usual sagacity in such matters. Charlton Heston, as Moses, is a towering figure, both in the earlier scenes of youthful vigor and his later moments of inspired fervor. His is a monumental portrayal. Almost on a par is the performance of Yul Brynner in the role of the Pharaoh. Just a notch below them are Anne Baxter as the Princess and Yvonne DeCarlo as Moses' wife, Sephora. Each lends a bit of distinction to the picture.

The same is true in varying degrees of the contributions of John Derek, Edward G. Robinson, Vincent Price, Judith Anderson, Nina Foch, Cedric Hardwicke, Martha Scott, Debra Paget, and a dozen or more featured players.

*The Ten Commandments* is the climax of the DeMille career. It represents a tremendous investment of time, thought, and talent. Though it falls short of the artistry of his *King of Kings*, it is a motion picture of considerable merit, even if the spectacle often overpowers the spiritual message. (Paramount)

### **Reviews in Brief**

Poor Bridey Murphy should have been allowed to fade back into the mists of time after her hectic moment of Twentieth Century glory. Certainly, no point of entertainment or scientific value is served by bringing her to the screen. In **THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY** the story of an amateur's efforts at hypnotism possesses little entertainment value, while it does open some very serious doctrinal issues with which it cannot cope. The net result is neither convincing

**by Jerry Cotter**

nor morally acceptable in its impressions regarding reincarnation and the use of hypnosis. Louis Hayward, Teresa Wright, Nancy Gates, and Kenneth Tobey are the hapless stars. (Paramount)

**JULIE** is a slick mystery tale, highly melodramatic, exceptionally well acted, and capped with one of the finest climactic sequences you'll see in a long time. It is the story of a woman who suspects her present husband of murdering her first, though the coroner's verdict in the case had been sui-



cide. Through a series of harrowing escape scenes she eludes him until he appears as a passenger on the plane in which she serves as hostess. Doris Day again proves she can deliver a fine interpretation without benefit of song, and there are intelligent co-star performances by Barry Sullivan, Louis Jourdan, and Frank Lovejoy. Some stunning photographic effects heighten the tension in this excellent mystery. (M-G-M)

Songs, dances, and calypso have been added to Clare Boothe Luce's *The Women*, and it now emerges in shimmering color as **THE OPPOSITE SEX**. Quite a number of the screen's glamorous girls cavort and clown through a story of super-sophisticates waiting for divorces at Reno. The satire is sharp, often vitriolic, the dialogue clever and often suggestive. The picture of women painted by Clare Boothe some twenty years ago is both unrealistic and unflattering. For one thing it generalizes, when it is actually dealing with a small segment of the sex. For another, its glib lines mirror an emotional and philosophic immaturity which the author has outgrown, but Hollywood has not. Suggestiveness runs riot in costume, conversation, and scenes, and there is a frankly amoral approach to marriage throughout. June Allyson, Ann Sheridan, Dolores Gray, Charlotte Greenwood, Agnes Moorehead, and Joan Blondell are prominently involved. (M-G-M)

Jules Verne, in his wildest visions, never dreamed of anything like the Michael Todd-S. J. Perelman adaptation of **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**. Even after seeing it, this mammoth mélange of burlesque, comedy, adventuring, and fantasia is practically unbelievable. This is a combination of Cinarama and bedlam, of Abbott and Costello and an old-fashioned game of charades. But it is entertaining in a gigantic, pie-in-the-face manner, and it does offer some mighty breathtaking panoramas in the Todd-AO process. David Niven, Mexico's Cantinflas, and a long list of stars in bit parts, keep the colossus moving along in flamboyant style. Good family fare. (Todd)

**SECRETS OF THE REEF** is a completely absorbing photographic excursion to the vast, quiet world beneath the surface of the sea, produced with evident, painstaking care, considerable patience, and an understanding of the importance of nature documentary film techniques. The struggle for existence in the crags, caves, and open spaces of the water world has been vividly photographed, with highlights following closely upon one another. This is recommended most highly for the student, the nature lover, in fact the entire moviegoing audience. (Continental)

Readers of **GIANT**, the best-selling Edna Ferber novel, will not be disappointed in the movie version. Nor, for that matter, will the moviegoer seeking the sort of entertainment to be found in a three-hour visit with a fabulous Texas tribe. There are some exaggerations, and some omissions, in this vivid canvas of Texas life during the past quarter century. Undoubtedly, there are angles and scenes to which Texans will object, but in the main this is a splendid tapestry. George Stevens, the producer-director, captures the mood of the story with admirable effect, reaching a peak in his handling of the racial problem as it concerns the Mexican workers. At times, there is an over-reaching for emphasis in this study of the wealthy Benedicts and of Jett Rink, their cowhand who strikes it rich in oil, but it is a minor complaint compared to the colorful assets in the picture. Not the least of them are the performances of Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson, each surprisingly good as the couple whose pride in land and family enrich their lives. The late James Dean

contributes a splendid interpretation of the ranch boy, who becomes power hungry and dissolute when oil spouts on his patch of land. Jane Withers, Carroll Baker, Chill Wills, Sal Mineo, and especially Mercedes McCambridge, add luster to the drama. It is one of the year's major screen accomplishments. (Warner Bros.)

A good deal, though not all, of the very special charm and intimacy of the stage original has been retained in the motion picture version of **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON**. Filmed partly on location in Japan and partly on the Hollywood backlots, the Vern Sneider-John Patrick story continues to hold an audience engrossed as the forces of Uncle Sam attempt to educate the Okinawans in the ideals of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Who learns what in the long run is a moot question, but the modern occupation fable is told with humor, charm, and clever characterization. Marlon Brando is technically flawless as the shrewd interpreter, Sakini, but he fails to capture the puckish quality of the footlight originator. Glenn Ford and Eddie Albert are also capable though not spectacular in their interpretations, but Paul Ford, of the stage version, does set up some fireworks as the blustering Colonel. However, the defects are slight enough so that the endearing, observing, important qualities of this amusing comedy remain pre-eminent. It is first-class entertainment. (M-G-M)

**FRIENDLY PERSUASION** is based on a Civil War incident involving the great-grandparents of Vice President Nixon. It is a picture of tremendous appeal, and not a little suspense, of considerable beauty, and more than the usual share of dramatic power. As acted by Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire, Anthony Perkins, and a strong cast, it emerges as a persuasively enjoyable story of a Quaker family faced with the inevitable decision of bearing arms in the War Between the States. The Quaker persuasion which bars violence is presented sympathetically, though not without humor, and the general atmosphere in this family story is laden with entertainment values of a high order. (Allied Artists)

### **The New Plays**

Sean O'Casey's **PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY** has been adapted for footlight recitation by Paul Shyre, strikingly staged by Stuart Vaughan, and narrated with a considerable degree of artistry by Aline MacMahon, Staats Cotsworth, George Brenlin, Robert Geiringer, Rae Allen, and the adaptor. The second of O'Casey's six autobiographical novels, this is concerned with his years of adolescence and young manhood in Dublin. The foundation of much later O'Casey philosophy is set in place here, as well as many forceful observations on Irish political, social, and moral life. One need not agree with O'Casey to admire the beauty of his prose and, in this instance, the excellence of a presentation which proves again the effectiveness of this method of staging. *Pictures in the Hallway* has its share of controversial and objectionable lines, but it is an expert realization of a difficult assignment in stagecraft.

**THE LOUD RED PATRICK** is a merry comedy, the theater season's first hit, and a completely enjoyable page from Ruth McKenney's family album. Though it is lightweight in structure, there are enough honest laughs to bridge the gaps and some really expert fun-performances to gloss over the script inadequacies. It is the story of the author's grandfather, one Patrick Flannigan living in the Cleveland of 1912. He is a widower with four daughters, a housekeeper, and a friend with no allergies toward alcohol. The friend, an amiable, scheming ex-vaudevillean, takes up residence in the



Glenn Ford goes native, with the help of Machiko Kyo, in "The Teahouse of the August Moon"



Elizabeth Taylor and the late James Dean in a scene from "Giant." Dean is a ranch boy who strikes it rich

Gary Cooper appears as a fun- and peace-loving Quaker in "Friendly Persuasion"




hilarious household without adding to its stability or sanity. Arthur Kennedy, as the ferocious father trying to raise his daughters as "they should be raised," and David Wayne, as his imbibing pal, carry the acting burden of the show with great skill. Peggy Maurer, Nancy Devlin, Renne Jarrett, and Kimetha Laurie are penny-bright as the daughters, and James Congdon provides some of the play's funniest moments as an uncomfortable suitor. Together, they do much to make a rollicking good comedy even better.

Henri Gheon's **THE COMEDIAN** serves as a distinguished opener for the Blackfriars Guild 1956-57 season. It is one of the most ambitious productions ever presented by this outstanding group and one of its most successful endeavors. Gheon, well known for his religious plays and novels, has dramatized the story of Genesius, leading performer of the Roman stage in 300 A.D. who was commissioned by the Emperor Diocletian to appear in a play written to degrade and burlesque the Christians of that day. Genesius agrees and begins his research. Up to this point the play is on the side of brittle comedy, but as the star delves into the story of the Christian martyr, Adrian, a change in mood and purpose occurs. Tom McDermott handles with great skill the difficult role of the actor who later becomes a Saint of the Church and patron of all troupers. In fact, every member of the cast, under Dennis Gurney's deft direction, turns in an unusually competent performance. The Blackfriars are fortunate in having this Alan Bland translation for their

opening show of the season. They have staged and costumed it in full realization of its importance.

Often sparkling and bright, in the British idiom and style, **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE** is burdened by suggestiveness and some self-conscious slapstick which is highly implausible and not at all humorous. William Douglas Home's comedy is on the nonsensical side, concerned with the annual maneuvering of social ladies to find suitable escorts and/or husbands for their debutante daughters. Brittle, languid, and featherweight, it is nonetheless sporadically amusing. Adrienne Allan, Anna Massey, Wilfred Hyde White, Brenda Forbes, and John Merivale are the British actors in the cast. They fit their roles to an upper-class tea.

**TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE** suffers from a clumsy, meaningless title, a weak adaptation of a strong novel, and a performance which is more exasperating than absorbing. Alan Paton's story of a South African police lieutenant who becomes involved with a native girl was a dimensional piece of writing, a plea for racial understanding—even though it skirted the moral issue involved. The play is equally guilty on that score; at least it throws the weight of sympathy to the transgressors, and it adds to the problem by giving only superficial examination of the people and issues involved. Barry Sullivan is limited by his role, but Finlay Currie is convincing as his bigoted, violent *Afrikaner* father. The others in the cast are as shadowy as the roles they interpret.



FATHER WILLIE HIGGINS was the only other person in the rectory the morning old Father Carmody, the pastor, died of a heart attack. The wind rattled the rectory windows in angry gusts that January day, and sheets of rain, cold and fierce, swept down intermittently from the sky overhead. Father Willie's mother, who was Irish to the tips of her toes, would have read momentous signs in the weather, but Father Willie himself had no inkling that the day was to be eventful—or that it was to lead

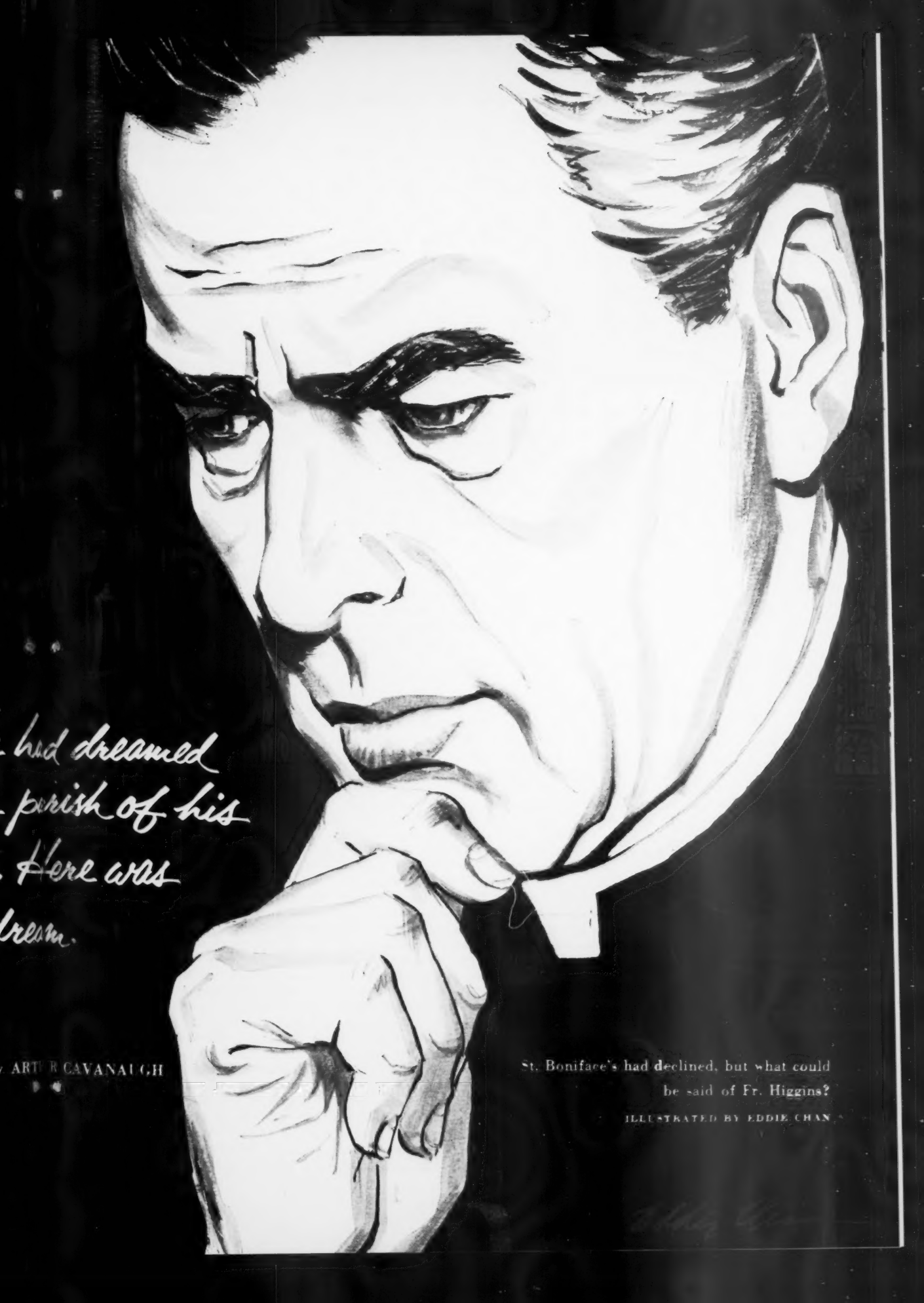
him, like a gentle star, out of the darkness that had begun to engulf his world.

He started the day by saying the nine o'clock Mass. The church, except for a sprinkling of old women in the front pews, was empty. Old women tolling their beads and whispering faint Hail Marys—St. Boniface's seemed to consist of nothing else these days. Rows of dusty pews, silent and empty, the emptiness broken only by patches of blackcoated old women—that was the story now. It was distressing to think about,

*He had  
of a part  
own. Her  
his dream*

# Father Higgins

by ARTHUR C.



*had dreamed  
parish of his  
Here was  
dream.*

ARTUR CAVANAUGH

St. Boniface's had declined, but what could  
be said of Fr. Higgins?

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CHAN

and after he finished Mass—with the tottering aid of old Thomas, the sexton; the altar boy hadn't shown up—Father Willie moved toward the sacristy, shaking his head and remembering what St. B.'s had been like in the old days.

*(Upstairs in his room, Father Carmody lay napping and the first flicker of pain made him turn fretfully in his bed.)*

St. B.'s had once been a thriving, bustling parish, Father Willie remembered, entering the sacristy with old Thomas at his side. The pews had once been bright with faces, the Rosary Sodality and the Holy Name Society had boasted grand, big memberships, the month of June had been dazzling with brides and grooms and the sweet scent of flower petals scattered down the center aisle.

Not anymore. Nothing was the same now. The neighborhood had declined, warehouses and factories had sprung up malevolently to replace whole blocks of private dwellings, armies of parishioners had marched away to the suburbs of Long Island and New Jersey, slowly turning St. B.'s, as if by witchcraft, into a bewildered, defenseless ghost of its former self. The old, lively faces had disappeared and the new faces to replace them—where were they? Not in evidence, not forthcoming.

Father Willie sighed, took off his chasuble, and hung it in the sacristy closet, the door to which tilted forward on creaking hinges, scraping the floor, like chalk screeching down a blackboard, every time you opened or closed it. The state of St. B.'s was very upsetting, but it wasn't what was bothering him, Father Willie knew. It was his own state that grieved and haunted him. St. B.'s had declined, but what about Father William S. Higgins? What could be said of him? He was a failure, Father William S. Higgins. A failure. It came to that, no matter how you looked at it.

*(Upstairs in his room, Father Carmody blinked awake, but the pain had crept away and he dozed off again, conscious only of a faint constriction in the region of his chest.)*

"Are you feeling okay, Father Higgins?" asked old Thomas, shuffling forward with keen old eyes. "The way you're standing there—like you might not be feeling so good."

Father Willie smiled and straightened the sash of his cassock. The cassock was shabby and frayed, the skirt patched and mended, and he made a mental note that he must buy a new one soon. "No, Tom, I'm feeling fine. Getting up at five-thirty and fasting through till now—I need some breakfast, that's all. I'm feeling fine."

Patting old Thomas on the back, he turned and walked through the dim,

worn passageway that connected the church with the rectory. *Failure, a failure*, the passageway seemed to whisper, reminding Father Willie of the picture he'd seen in the *Catholic News* the night before, the picture of Auxiliary Bishop Stephen Doyle seated on the dais with His Eminence, the Cardinal, at the annual Foundling Home dinner. Steve Doyle had been in Father Willie's ordination class and there he was in the *Catholic News* now, a figure of accomplishment and worth. Think, think back to your seminary days, the passageway chided him, think back to the hopes and dreams of those days. Have you fulfilled a single one of those hopes and dreams? A single one of them?

Father Willie hurried through the passageway and into the back hall that led to the kitchen. It was better to forget, to forget completely, he told himself for the hundredth time. The kitchen was empty and suddenly his spirits lifted. Nora, the housekeeper was out doing the marketing—he'd be spared one of her breakfasts! Father Willie smiled and thanked God for small mercies and went into the kitchen.

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**• The feeling of having done a job well is rewarding; the feeling of having done it perfectly is fatal.**  
—Forbes Magazine

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*(Upstairs, the pain stole back to prod Father Carmody awake and for a moment he lay thinking he was a boy in Galway again, stirring awake in the white thatched cottage outside Athenry. A wave of pain gripped his chest, then, and he knew he wasn't a boy anymore, but an old man waking frightened and ill in a dark room.)*

Steve Doyle. Bishop Stephen A. Doyle. Father Willie fixed a fresh pot of coffee and searched in the bread box for the bag of sugar buns he sometimes kept on hand, because they reminded him of the buns his mother had always served, fragrant and still warm from the bakery oven, on Sunday mornings. The coffee bubbled on the stove, spicing the kitchen with a pleasant aroma and he thought how nice it would be to have a good cup of coffee for a change. Nora's coffee was a nightmare, a wild, tempestuous brew, there was no use denying it.

With hands that trembled slightly, Father Willie poured himself a cup of coffee and, against his will, his mind traveled back to St. Andrew's Seminary, to the Willie Higgins who had moved among his fellow seminarians, the oldest member of his class, thin and sparrow-like, shy and awkward, almost totally

unnoticed. No one had known how Willie Higgins felt about his vocation, his stumbling shyness prevented him from talking about it, but the truth was that he had longed to be a priest with the same, heart-swelling desire of a saint reaching toward Heaven.

His longing had carried him through twelve long years of waiting, twelve years of supporting his mother—his father had died when Willie was fifteen—and her brood of six younger Higginses. Twelve years of working at the City Bank & Trust Company, twelve years of riding back and forth on subway trains, the years ground out beneath the shrieking subway tracks till finally the day came when his brother Al and Theresa his sister were bringing pay envelopes home and Willie was set free to pack his cardboard suitcase and begin his journey toward God.

He had arrived at the seminary feeling poor and destitute, as if he had nothing to offer God, but as he'd walked through the iron gates that shining day and climbed the graveled drive to the big stone building ahead, the earth had seemed to sing out and the flowers sway under the rush of his happiness and he had wondered whether he might offer that to God—the feelings of beauty and glory bursting within his heart. He had prayed that he might create something from those feelings, create something of beauty that would make up for his worthlessness, for otherwise he had nothing to offer. But the splendor, the beauty lay hidden in his heart, locked, imprisoned there by his shyness and he was unable to find a way to express it or bring it forth.

The days went by, the day of Ordination arrived and when Willie Higgins knelt before his Bishop to receive the Sacrament of Holy Orders, a hope, a dream nestled quietly in his heart. God had bestowed the honor of the priesthood upon him and someday he would offer something in return to God, something of beauty and glory, to show that he was not totally worthless. Someday, after long years, he would be given a church, a parish of his own. A church would be entrusted to him, a poor church, off on a forgotten sidestreet, neglected, forlorn. It wouldn't matter, because Willie Higgins would take that church and pour his heart into it and change it, transform it into something beautiful and splendid—and at last he would have a worthy offering to lift up to God. A church of his own someday, transformed, made beautiful someday.

But had that day ever come, asked Father Willie of himself, sitting alone in the rectory kitchen, with the wind whistling outside the back door. Had he ever become worthy of that day?



(Upstairs, Father Carmody tried to call out for help, but the words were torn apart by the pain ripping at his chest. Soundlessly, he groped out of bed toward the door.)

Father Willie stared at the chipped cup of coffee growing cold on the checkered oilcloth table. No, the dreamed-of day had never come, he had never become worthy of it. Instead, what had there been? Twenty-three years in the priesthood, twenty-three years as assistant pastor in a fading, twilight parish deep in a crumbling section of the city, its congregation vanishing, the statues of the saints gathering dust on their pedestals in the silent, echoing church above rows of empty, gaping pews. What had Father William Higgins done to transform any of this into a place of beauty? Nothing.

Diligently and earnestly, he had served a pastor weighed down by mounting bills and dwindling collections, too tired and old to fight the decline washing over his church. For twenty-three years, Father Willie had said Masses and preached sermons and heard confessions and baptised babies and served his pastor—but how had he served God, what had he offered of beauty or glory to God? The church of his own that someday would be transformed by the contents of his heart had never materialized. Stephen Doyle had served God by becoming a Bishop, while Willie Higgins had stood helpless and watched the dust settle and thicken on the walls of St. Boniface's. He had failed. He was a failure.

It was at that moment that Father Willie heard the thud of Father Carmody's body falling to the floor upstairs. At that moment, there was a clap of thunder in the sky and a fresh onslaught of rain on the windows and a thudding noise upstairs somehow louder than the thunder and rain and Father Willie ran out of the kitchen and up the stairs to Father Carmody's room. Quickly, he rushed out again to call Dr. Santulin on the phone, then hurried to his own room for his stole and breviary and a container of holy oil. Back in the pastor's room, he knelt alongside the body on the floor and pronounced the ancient words of absolution over it and anointed the eyes and lips and ears and hands and feet with the forgiveness of the Holy Oil.

In the dark, musty room, with the rain beating outside the window, the moment came that, to Father Willie, was like a thousand candles lighting the face of the earth—the moment when a human being takes leave of the dark earth to return to the Home of his Creator. His eyes bright with wonder and awe, Father Carmody died, and

Father Willie carried him to the bed and laid him on it.

The doorbell was ringing, then, and Nora was calling up from the back hall and Father Willie went down the stairs, unaware that, after all the years, another moment had also come. Father Carmody had died. As his assistant, Father Willie was now the acting pastor of St. Boniface's. Temporarily, perhaps permanently, a church had been entrusted to him.

He was the acting pastor now. Somehow, somehow, he would change St. Boniface's into a church of beauty, a church where people would find the splendor of God reflected everywhere—in the glint of stained-glass windows, in the roll and swell of organ music, in the reverent processions and ceremonies, everything forming a living testimony to the glory of God.

The first event to take place at St. Boniface's under his supervision would be Father Carmody's funeral and, painstakingly, Father Willie set out to make it as holy and inspiring as he was capable of. He started making plans for the funeral and when a phone call from the Chancery office notified him that Bishop Stephen Doyle would officiate at the Requiem, he knew what might result from Steve Doyle's presence. They were classmates and friends and the Bishop might want to see his old friend become permanent pastor of St. B's. He might wish to discuss the matter with him and bring it to the attention of the Cardinal when an appointment was being decided on. Bishop Doyle's presence at St. Boniface's might result in the fulfillment of all his old hopes and dreams, Father Willie knew. He went ahead with plans for the funeral, praying that he wouldn't fail, that he'd be capable of something beautiful and worthy at last.

Father Willie didn't fail. The funeral of Father Carmody is still remembered and talked about at St. Boniface's. When the black-coated old women meet on the church steps after Mass in the morning, or when they stand together in the vestibule waiting for a sudden downpouring of rain to let up, the subject of Father Carmody's funeral often enters their conversation and they nod their heads and their eyes grow solemn and reflective as they speak of it. It was the most beautiful event in the history of the parish, the old women will tell you.

They will tell you about the shining appearance of the church that day and how Father Higgins obtained volunteers from the Rosary Sodality to clean and scrub the walls and floors and polish the tarnished candlesticks and dust the statues of St. Teresa and St. Anthony and St. Francis. Of the funeral



*"St. Boniface's has been on the Cardinal's mind a lot these days."*

itself, the old women remember every detail. They remember the guard of honor formed by the children of the parish, lined up along the curb outside the church, their hands folded reverently, heads bowed, their faces grave and innocent as the funeral procession emerged from the rectory, the procession that numbered over a hundred men. The old women will describe how Father Higgins made an agony of phone calls to summon back all the former members of the parish Holy Name Society to march at the head of the procession. Twelve of the men were fourth degree Knights of Columbus and wore their uniforms, the old women will tell you, the flash of their swords and the plumes on their hats affording a splendid sight,

after which came the purple splash of half a dozen Monsignors, the white lace surplices and black cassocks of twenty or more priests and, finally, the bright purple of Bishop Doyle himself.

Into the church, the procession had filed, solemn and dignified, pacing up the aisle in slow, measured tread, and the Mass that followed could have been taking place in Heaven itself, the old women will inform you, so beautiful was it to watch and listen to. And the most stirring part of all—the church, the pews had overflowed with faces, a great sea of faces calling to mind the old days of the parish, as if the old days had been brought back again to warm and comfort everyone. Father Higgins, the old women will conclude, Father Higgins was responsible for all of it, the whole, impressive ceremony.

The day of the funeral, no one was more impressed than Bishop Stephen Doyle. "Beautiful. Beautiful job, Willie," the Bishop commented that day. The Mass was over and the trip to the cemetery completed and the Bishop was preparing to leave for the Chancery office uptown. "Everything, every detail—inspiring," he said. "The Cardinal will like hearing about it."

"Glass of wine, Steve?" They were sitting in the rectory parlor and Father Willie poured a glass of wine for the Bishop from a decanter on the sideboard.

"Yes, the Cardinal'll be very pleased," Bishop Doyle continued. "Matter of fact, St. Boniface's has been on his mind a lot these days. You know how busy he gets when there's a pastorate to fill. Gets right to it."

"I—I suppose so." Father Willie held out the glass of wine and tried not to be nervous. *Only if I'm worthy, only if I'm worthy of it*, he prayed.

"Thanks, Willie." Bishop Doyle took the wine, sipped from it and shook his head. "The way the Cardinal swings into action never fails to amaze me. Why, he's already made a decision about St. B.'s." He grinned at Father Willie. "If that's not fast work, have you ever heard of any? I think you'll be pleased to know who he's decided on. Not official yet, but I think it'll make you feel pleased."

Father Willie's heart thumped and he felt that the sound of its beating must be filling the room. *I'm unworthy, I'm not worthy of it*, he told himself silently.

Bishop Doyle leaned back in his chair. "Remember Frank Mueller from St. Andrew's? He's been assistant pastor up at St. Margaret's in the Bronx."

"Frank Mueller?"

"Been hoping for a parish of his own for years—guess he thought it'd never

happen. It'll be good news for him, don't you think?"

"Yes. Yes, of course." Father Willie felt faint and dizzy and gripped the edge of the sideboard for support. His hand was shaking and he gripped the sideboard, held onto it tightly. *I accept, he murmured within himself, I accept that I'm unworthy. I accept it!* He turned to Bishop Doyle. "Frank Mueller, wasn't he in the class ahead of us at St. Andrew's? Well, that's wonderful news. He'll make a fine pastor, Frank will."

"Very capable man. Very worthy of it." Bishop Doyle got up from his chair and went to the window. "Say, is my car still outside?" He looked out the window at the church next door and was silent for a moment. "You know," he said, his voice suddenly soft and far-away sounding. "St. B.'s kept reminding me of something today. I couldn't figure it out, then I finally realized—it reminded me of Queen of Angels, the parish I grew up in. It was just like St. B.'s. Neighborhood declining, an old church, vanishing congregation—and yet it was the most beautiful church I've almost ever been in. Do you know why? There was a curate there, Father Ramsey, his name was. Gentle, quiet kind of man—I used to admire him so. He never knew that, never realized anyone

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• You can't stop people from thinking—but you can start them.  
—Forbes Magazine

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admired or looked up to him, but practically everyone did. When he said Mass or preached a sermon, it was like a light shining in the church. He filled the church with a radiance—that made it beautiful."

"A radiance. . . ?" Father Willie asked.

"That's the only word I can think of to describe it. The church was old and shabby, but it used to seem as if Father Ramsey's presence transformed it into something beautiful. I used to go to early Mass every morning. The church'd always be empty, with no one there except some old women in the front pews saying their rosaries—but then Father Ramsey would come out of the sacristy to say Mass and there'd suddenly be a feeling of peace and light, like a wonderful light shining over everything. A shabby, run-down church, but it was as if God had sent one of His most precious jewels to shine there and make it beautiful. Maybe sometimes He does that with His poor churches—sends a priest to them like Father Ramsey, to show what real beauty consists of."

The Bishop stared reflectively out the window. "Father Ramsey! How well I remember him. His cassock always

needed mending, I remember. And he had such a poor opinion of himself. Probably looked on himself as a failure."

"As a failure?" Father Willie sat down in the dim rectory parlor. His shoulders ached and his legs felt stiff and cramped and he remembered that he'd hardly slept in three days. He folded the skirt of his cassock so that the big patch near the hem wouldn't show and made a mental note that he must buy a new cassock soon. "But you—you didn't think Father Ramsey—you don't believe he was a failure?" he asked Bishop Doyle.

"He was the most precious thing a church could have," the Bishop replied softly. "The most beautiful adornment—a truly holy priest."

"And—you wouldn't call him a failure?" asked Father Willie, holding onto the side of his chair in the dimness of the parlor.

"No, I certainly wouldn't." Bishop Doyle remained at the window silently for a moment, then turned and walked over to Father Willie. "Well, I've got to be shoving off, Willie." The afternoon sun had faded, casting deep shadows on the parlor and Bishop Doyle couldn't be sure, but as he extended his hand to say good-by, he thought he saw tears glistening in Father Willie's eyes. "Are you all right, Willie?" he asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"No—no, nothing." Father Willie managed to answer and knelt to kiss the Bishop's ring.

The Bishop was out on the sidewalk, then, and driving away in his car. Father Willie stood at the curb until the car disappeared in the welter and tangle of traffic. When he could no longer see the car, he turned and looked up at the aging façade of St. Boniface's. Beyond the old, worn doors, lights flickered within to signify life, and up at the side of the altar, Father Willie knew, was the dark, red glow of the sanctuary lamp, proclaiming, regardless of its richness or poorness, the one true importance of a church: the presence of God within the tabernacle. A King resided in St. Boniface's, a King dwells there, thought Father Willie. For twenty-three years, he had approached that King every morning on the altar and treasured Him in his heart. For longer than twenty-three years, for as long as he could remember, he had loved that King and wanted to give himself up to Him and beyond that, there was nothing—so that, all at once, the years seemed rich and fulfilling to Father Willie.

He stared up at the church for a long time, and then he went back into the rectory to prepare for the coming of the new pastor.

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H. Armstrong Roberts

*The plain, tall candle burned  
Christmas Eve for the Little  
Lord of Heaven and earth*

## THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

by DORAN HURLEY

IT is with sadness that latterly I have seen the great decline if not the passing of one of the gentlest and loveliest of Catholic family Christmas traditions, that of the Christmas candle. I know that the Advent wreath with its successive candles now finds great favor. In our large cities, electric bulbs glow in the center of windowed Christmas wreaths or ring them round; and in Suburbiana a seasonal motor ride finds lights glowing red and green and gold and even pallid blue on windows and doors and bushes and hedges, all for a community grand prize.

In Boston, crowds walk by the old Brahmin houses on Beacon Hill and Louisburg Square to see true candles gleaming behind the famed purple glass windows. A cross is outlined by lighted offices in metropolitan skyscrapers. Yet so few people, although if they are of middle years they affectionately recall it from their childhood, cling to the tradition of the private, family Christmas candle lighted on the Eve to burn through the night in welcome to the Holy Family should once again they walk the world.

The Christmas candle of my boyhood was a revered elder tradition in my New England, brought over the seas long ago as a sweetly pious tradition from the land that rightly bears as one of its fond names Ireland of the Welcomes. Perhaps the best known of Gaelic phrases, that lived on long after the language like the people's Faith was



crushed only to rise again, is *Cead Mille Failte*: a hundred thousand welcomes. It is not strange then that for untold generations in every Irish household there was a special wistful, hopeful welcome for the Holy Travelers, with a candle burning throughout Christmas Eve as a symbol of prayerful greeting.

In my boyhood, the Christmas candle in a way partook of a neighborhood custom. It was not the short blessed taper obtained at the preceding Candlemas, and in those days carefully, almost sacredly, put away with its special linens for the foreboding times of grave illness or approaching death. It was a plain, exceptionally tall candle of tallow rather than wax, white or creamy yellow. And it came from the neighborhood grocery store.

I suppose it was possible to buy this simple tall candle but it was never necessary to do so. In so much lay part of the neighborliness that in fairly humble communities had adhered to its tradition over the years. For the Christmas candle was always the gift of the groceryman, a sort of *lagniappe* as they say in New Orleans for the privilege of your trade during the year.

In our old New England or Yankee-Irish tradition, the Christmas candle was never placed in the window. In a more recent Ireland than that from which our forefathers sprung, the custom in many parts of the country is to have three candles lighted on Christmas Eve and place them shining forth. In some country places, the simple farm houses show a light in the kitchen window and others in the two windows of the "room," the bedroom on the ground floor.

The three lights are, of course, always explained as in honor of the Trinity, the doctrine of their Faith to which the Irish people have always been especially devoted since the coming of Saint Patrick. That is now the given explanation, although originally the expansion from one to three candles may have come from the enthusiastic Irish wish to show an eager welcome to each one of the Holy Travelers. For pious tradition has always held that when the Blessed Ones return to earth on Christmas Eve, Mary carries the Infant Child in her arms on the donkey with Saint Joseph beside them, as on the Flight into Egypt.

In my own family I may trace the Christmas candle back to the Ireland of the Penal Days, before Catholic Emancipation. They were the days of Mass on a hidden rock high on the mountain at early dawn and of a price on a priest's head. A single candle alone was all that might be afforded for the light of the Christmas welcome,

and the cost of that made up by pinching and scraping and pious sacrifice. Nor could it be placed in a window openly. It would not long be permitted to glimmer.

So when the custom crossed the seas generations ago it was the single candle that was the tradition and it was placed upon the kitchen table.

It was not only that the kitchen in my middle-class New England was, as in Ireland, the house's heart, the true living room; but also many families, although it was not a universal custom, placed beside the candle a fresh-cut loaf or a bowl of fruit that the Holy Travelers might have refreshment. And always in such instances there was a glass of milk for the Divine Child.

The glass was never an ordinary tumbler. If it were possible, with the innate delicacy of devout and simple people, the glass was a goblet, the nearest approximation to a chalice.

In talking about the Christmas candle latterly, I have been told that in homes in the County Mayo it was usually set in a hollowed-out turnip: but I can find no reason for the

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• You cannot do a kindness too soon, because you never know how soon it will be too late.

—Emerson

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choice of that vegetable save that it was heavy and sturdy. An ordinary small, handled candlestick of china or pewter would not uphold a tall candle through the night. And the Christmas candle should burn unceasingly from its lighting until it was snuffed or blown out after early Christmas Mass. The simple turnip, used in unashamed holy poverty, probably served the same purpose as the Mason jar filled with wet paper that a Rhode Islander told me recently his mother used as a holder on Christmas Eves in his boyhood.

It might be wondered at by those who sometimes seem to place elegance of form in art or music higher than its spiritual concept, or to those new to our Faith upon whom God's grace descended from a preliminary intellectual rather than emotional understanding, that it was not in the parlor or front room, the pride in beauty of every middle class household, that the Christmas candle was set. I suppose it was that we thought of the Holy Family as simple people like ourselves, gentle neighbors to be welcomed into the heart of the house rather than as princely distinguished visitors into a stiffly ornate room that was set aside for the reception of snobbish relatives—or death.

In the past few years, living alone in a New York City apartment, it has been my own custom to invite a few selected friends late Christmas Eve afternoon for the ceremony of the lighting of my Christmas candle at the six o'clock Angelus. They are not usually people who know each other, since the criterion of their selection is that for one reason or another they may be lonesomely free on the eve of the Nativity. It has happened that there have been more non-Catholics than those of our Faith; but for every one they have been lovely moments of blessedness when the lights in the apartment were switched out as I set match to the tall candle, and in its flickering glow, we have softly sung "Adeste Fideles" and "Holy Night."

My own kitchen table is then set with a fair green linen cloth sent me by a dear friend in Chicago and used only on Christmas Eve. On a mirror plateau for beauty and added protection stands the tall white candle in shining brass holder. Beside it is a wide green bowl of apples and oranges and bananas and grapes in brilliant color, and the special fine goblet of milk. On the table, too, is the New Testament opened to the second chapter of Saint Luke and perhaps a vase of Christmas berries.

One year when I went to six o'clock rather than to Midnight Mass and drank the milk from the goblet as the first thing after Communion when I had snuffed the candle, a rather startling thing happened. The goblet held rich cream. Yet it had come from an ordinary container from which I had drunk a glass of milk the night before—and before I had filled the goblet. It was strange merely, of course; but less explicable than another morning when I found a dollar bill tucked down in the fruit. I knew that had been the wistful gesture of one of my non-Catholic friends, who had wanted somehow to be a personal part of the welcome to the Child. To have inquired about it would have been to have laid rough hands upon a quick moment of hopeful grace.

I have always thought it might have been the non-Catholic girl, with no church affiliations, who had asked the evening before if I were going to Midnight Mass, as I was, and if so might she come along. But it might well have been one of my crasser friends, with rustier religious feelings in his heart, who in the light of the Christmas candle felt somewhat left out and so took the only furtive, quick way he knew to make his own secret gesture of welcome to the Little Lord of Heaven and Earth, the Infant Christ, whose birth gave new light to the world.



The well-known panelist of *Life Begins at Eighty*

is a recent convert to the Catholic Church. Here are her comments on how she feels about life now that she is over ninety

# *I'm Smart to Stay Around*

by GEORGIANNA CARHART

ONE MORNING RECENTLY, before going off to a television program, I was having the dickens of a time with a jammed zipper on my dress and the occasion brought to my mind George Bernard Shaw's definition of old age. "Old age," Shaw said, "is just a matter of buttoning and unbuttoning."

Had the old gentleman seen me then, I wonder if he would have updated his quip and claimed that old age was just a matter of zipping and unzipping.

Lord knows, in either case he couldn't be more wrong. And frankly, I don't think Shaw, who lived to be a sprightly ninety-four, believed a word of it himself.

Last May seventeenth I celebrated my ninety-first birthday. That makes me a good deal older than most. Yet I could never understand why younger people show such a holy reverence for us eighty- or ninety-year-olds simply because we've kept alive and kicking longer than the insurance charts say we should.

Every morning I thank God for the light of another day. I thank Him for letting me drink in the beauties of His world. Who wouldn't make liars of the insurance companies for that? I don't consider myself a marvel for living past ninety. I think I'm just smart to stay around as long as I have. It's an exciting world and I don't intend to miss a thing if I can help it.

My day, as Mrs. Roosevelt would say, was in the 1890's, when Lillian Russell and Victor Herbert were the Marilyn Monroe and the Rodgers and Hammerstein of their time. I was a mezzo-soprano concert singer and I recall as vividly as though it were yesterday when I substituted for the great Russell. She had come down with laryngitis. The affair was a musical benefit for the Coal Fund at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The glittering audience, of course, had expected Miss Russell and there was bound to be a letdown. But by the time I had finished my numbers, the

audience was on its feet cheering. One of the reviews the following morning said, "Georgianna Powers Carhart is handsome, has finely chiseled features crowned with a wealth of blonde tresses, and she wins her audience with a taste and an appreciation of the artistic." I was thrilled.

Little did I dream that sixty years later I'd be loving every minute of another career in a medium not yet invented.

The people I meet today recognize me principally because of the radio and television program, *Life Begins At Eighty*. That's a show in which a group of us elderly dodos sit around and gab for half an hour about everything from kissing on a first date to marrying an older woman.

Although the program is off the air temporarily, I've been a regular panelist on it for eight years. And what a marvelous eight years they have been, the most fun-filled of my life!

Photo by David Workman

**On her ninety-first birthday, Georgianna Carhart gaily attends a surprise party**



Everybody who has watched *Life Begins At Eighty* asks me about Fred Stein, another regular panelist. "Do you really think Stein is an old fuddy-duddy?" they'll ask. Or: "Would you marry Stein if he proposed?"

**I** TELL the curious Stein couldn't bribe me with a million dollars in unmarked five dollar bills to marry him. Besides, at eighty-six, Stein is too old for me. Men are my weakness, but that doesn't include Freddy, as I like to call him.

I love to josh him, though, and I hope viewers don't think there is anything cruel about the way I give him what-for. To me it's just good sport, a way of keeping the wit well honed. I remember once that Stein, who was a plumber, told emcee Jack Barry how delighted his wife was in having a plumber around the house. "My wife never had to worry about leaky faucets," he said with great pride. I gave him my most wilting glance and snapped back, "No, but she still had to put up with a drip." The audience howled.

I have many faults, but the worst by far is my gabbiness. Somebody once told me I bubbled and I asked him if he didn't mean babbled. (Could that be the reason I was chosen for the program?) I'm a woman of few words and I use them all the time. And I'll wager I won't change. Old enough to know better and too old to learn, I guess.

I remember roaring with delight at an article written about me in the *New York Times* a few years back. The woman who interviewed me wrote: "Georgianna Carhart was interviewed or, more properly, her monologue was monitored!" What a marvelous jibe! Wouldn't Stein liked to have said that!

Like anyone, I have pet peeves. In no special order, kittenish old women and murderers of the King's English annoy me more than anything else.

It embarrasses me when people tell me I'm something special. They want me to prescribe some sort of formula for staying young and really I can't, because I don't know any. It's something you're born with, I believe. It's God's gift to you. You can't buy it; you can't cultivate it.

That reminds me of the story of the Irish widower who put his thirteen-year-old daughter in a convent after his wife had passed away. He told the Mother Superior to spare nothing on her education—musically, artistically, and so on.

A few months later a letter from the Mother Superior arrived. "I'm afraid," wrote the Sister, "that your daughter Mary hasn't the capacity." And the old Irishman rushed to the phone, got the Mother Superior on the line and said:

"What does the darn thing cost? I'll buy it for her!"

I have a favorite saying: "Don't take life too seriously because we're never going to get out of it alive." Maybe that's my underlying philosophy, but I'm not at all sure. I think life goes a great deal deeper than that.

Last year, despite the fact I was immensely happy, I felt a nagging need for spiritual uplifting. I've been a religious woman all my life. But I yearned for something more. I yearned to take instructions in the Catholic Church.

One Tuesday evening I put my fanciest hat on, hopped (or hobbled) into a taxicab, and was driven to the Adelphi Theater to see Bishop Sheen. I had never met him before and I had made no appointment, but he greeted me as graciously as if I were a queen. My remembrance of our first meeting is somewhat blurred because I was a little nervous.

However, I remember telling the Bishop a few jokes, and each time he put his head back and laughed like a boy. At one juncture I dropped my purse and a young priest bent down to pick it up. Almost instinctively, I cracked, "Oh, don't bother, Father, we're just a couple of old bags out for the evening." That seemed to put everybody backstage in good spirits.

Not long after my ninetieth birthday, I caught a chill sitting in a draft and fell desperately ill. Before I realized it, I was whisked off to the hospital and placed in an oxygen tent. The diagnosis was double pneumonia. At my age the doctors say the odds for recovery are virtually nil.

I had been visiting Bishop Sheen practically every week. I had already made up my mind I wanted to be converted.

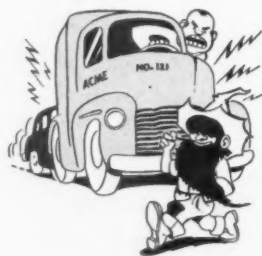
For two weeks it was touch and go. But I beat the odds. The morning after I was out of danger, Bishop Sheen appeared at the doorway. I was baptized that very morning and after Holy Communion the Bishop clasped into my hands a crucifix. I told him I didn't know exactly why, but I had an irrepressible urge to kiss it, which I did. He replied: "That's exactly what a Catholic would do." It lifted my spirits infinitely.

I have been living alone ever since my husband died thirty-six years ago. This summer would have been our sixty-ninth wedding anniversary. I'm never really alone, however. I'm lucky to have many loyal friends who keep my interests humming along busily. I love to drop into Lindy's and Sardi's occasionally, and it seems every time I do the royal carpet is rolled out.

I don't know why I am here so long on earth. But I must be here for a purpose. I have the feeling of wanting to help people. Most of my life is behind me, but I'd like to do something more constructive with it. My past doesn't interest me now. The past, you know, is a canceled check. Tomorrow is a promissory note. Today is cash at hand—be wise and spend it well.

God has been wonderfully good to me. My long, full life is a gift from Him and I hope I will be able to finish it in a way to make it a worthy gift back to Him. Every morning I'd like to get on my knees—if someone would lift my heap up afterward—and thank God for this wonderful gift.

## Yankee Talk—II



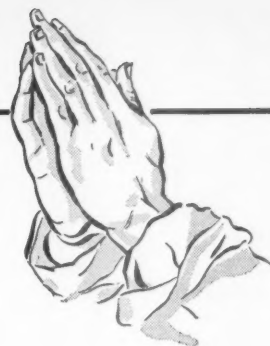
### "Jay-Walker"

► Seldom seen in the Old World, the blue jay attracted many comments from early settlers in America. Noisy and boisterous, the bird abounded along the eastern seaboard. As villages grew into cities, the blue jays retreated farther into the country. Consequently, they came to be associated with life in sparsely settled areas. They were so characteristic of the country that it was natural to link them with persons who lived there.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, "jay" was in wide use as a colloquial synonym for "hick."

Jays were the source of considerable amusement when they ventured into larger cities. Ignorant of traffic laws, they blithely crossed against signals; frequently they ignored corners and cut across diagonally. Such careless walking was so strongly associated with country folk that any pedestrian who violated traffic regulations came to be called a *jay-walker*.

—Webb B. Garrison



## The Restless Christian

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

THE Christian has often been accused of being, almost by definition, a suspicious creature. Because he is a pilgrim in this world, he tends, so the accusation goes, to be suspicious of the good things of this life which might divert him from the good things in the life to come. The Christian is not a true man, not a whole man, because he is suspicious of the body, physical beauty, sex, great literature, art. The Christian—the accusation ends with a flourish—is a man of fears; he is a man who goes about being careful.

There is just enough truth in the accusation to make it dangerous. The Christian is not suspicious. But the Christian is no fool. He is not deceived. He loves the world which God made. In this world he loves all that God has given man the power to make. The Christian honors the body, physical beauty, sex, truly great literature, true art, but he is not deceived by them. The true Christian does not cling to the body or to beauty or to anything created as if they were the final, definitive goal of all striving. These earthly things are all good. But the Christian is not deceived by their goodness. He does not consider them the ultimate, the highest good. What the Christian seeks is a good that is not reducible to dust, a good that is more durable than time. As a Christian he uses the things of this world, but he does not rest in them. The Christian is not a suspicious creature. But he is, almost by definition, a restless creature. He is restless because the good he seeks is his God. And he will be restless until he rests in God.

The Christian loves God's world and all that is good in it. The Christian is restless in this world which he loves. There is a paradox here, a mystery which is not fully understandable. The Christian is a man of two worlds: he is a pilgrim in this world and a citizen of the next world. The Christian is a man of two loves: the beauty of this world which perishes and the beauty of the next world that endures. A man of two

worlds and two loves, the Christian finds his vocation a mystery which he lives as best he can, but one which he does not pretend to fully understand. He gains some insight into the mystery that is his life by studying and praying another mystery, the Church's celebration of Our Lord's birth, the feast of Christmas. The one mystery will clarify the other, but in the end they both remain mysteries. In order to understand the mystery of Christmas better, we will study first the fact of Christ's birth and then how the Church prepares for and celebrates that fact.

First of all the fact of Our Lord's birth. St. John, attempting to express what cannot be expressed, says quite simply, "The Word was made flesh and

• Charity begins at home, and justice begins next door.—*Charles Dickens*

dwelt among us." "Flesh," St. John says. He could have said, "The Word was made man," but he wanted to say that God had touched matter, had taken it to Himself, so he used the bolder word, "flesh." Matter, whether stone, or wood, or body, had always had something holy about it, because it came from God. But now matter, especially the body of man, took on a new holiness, because the Son had taken on a human body, flesh. Living in this body, Christ experienced all, sin excepted, that we experience. He breathed our air, washed in our water, and as a carpenter put board to board to make a bench. God Himself came to earth and lived, loved, wept, and died. He did not despise matter, but took flesh to Himself and made all matter holy. He lived our life and died our death and made them holy.

On Christmas day the Church celebrates two events: one past and one future. The past event is the coming of Our Lord at Bethlehem. The future event is the coming of Our Lord at the end of time, or the Second Coming

of Christ. His coming at the end of time is announced on the First Sunday of Advent: "They will see the Son of Man coming upon a cloud, coming with great power and majesty." The whole of Advent is spent instilling us with the desire for Christ's Second Coming. The Church prays, "Stir up Thy power, O Lord, and come!" The Epistle of the Midnight Christmas Mass mentions first the birth at Bethlehem: "The grace of God our Saviour has appeared to all men." Immediately afterward the Epistle speaks of the Second Coming of Christ: He has appeared to us who look "for the blessed hope and glorious coming of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

A great restlessness comes over the Church during Advent. She will be restless until the Second Coming, until she can rest in Him. "Lord, come!" are words she repeats with a persistence which mounts almost to impatience. These sentiments may seem strange to us, that we pray for the end of the world and Christ's Second Coming. St. Paul did not think it strange, for he defined Christians as "those who love his (Second) Coming."

Because Christ became flesh, He made matter and all earthly things holy. Though the Christian loves the things Christ has made holy, they will pass away when Christ comes again. The Christian will not be deceived by the goodness of the body, physical beauty, sex, literature, art. Theirs is not a lasting goodness. What he seeks is a goodness that no disease can destroy, no extent of time can fade, a pleasure that is not for a moment but for eternity, a delight that is ever new, and a beauty that neither time nor eternity can exhaust.

The Christian is not a suspicious creature, but he is a restless creature. His restlessness in this world is not a result of Puritanism, nor of a lofty contempt. His restlessness is dictated by love and desire for a good he will possess only when he possesses God.



Mission book crusaders Raphael Brown, above, and Eugene Willging, below: "Books are weapons in a world-wide war of ideas"



## THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH

### BOOK CRUSADE

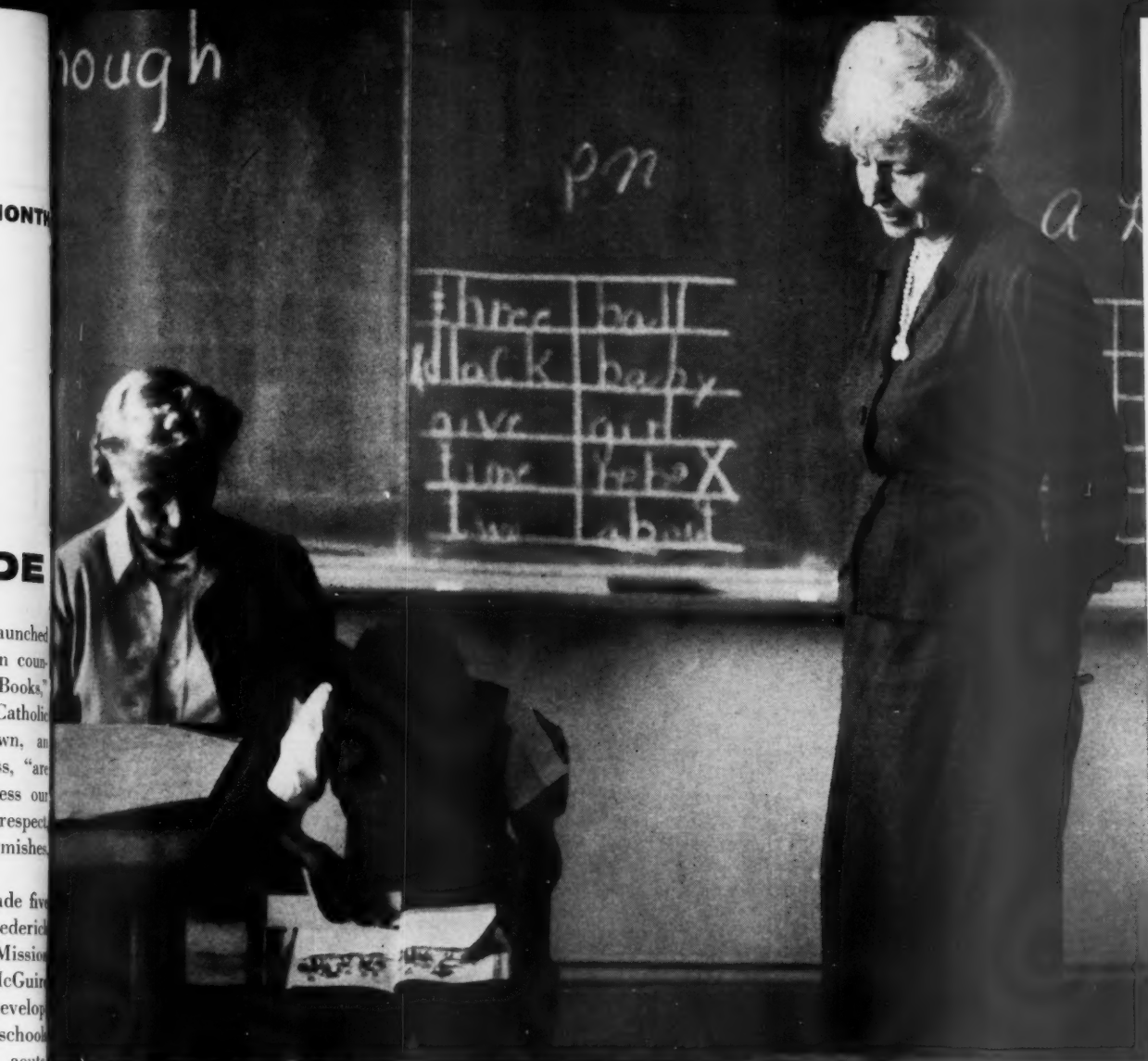
Ask two veteran librarians why they have launched a national campaign to send books to mission countries and they'll give you a simple answer: "Books," say Eugene Willging, head librarian at the Catholic University of America, and Raphael Brown, an assistant librarian at the Library of Congress, "are weapons in a world-wide war of ideas. Unless our missionaries can go forth well armed in this respect, Christianity stands to lose not just a few skirmishes but the whole war."

Willging and Brown started their book crusade five years ago following a chat with Rev. Frederick McGuire, C.M., Executive Secretary of the Mission Secretariate in Washington, D. C. Father McGuire was deeply concerned about the problem of developing adequate working libraries in mission schools and colleges. The problem was particularly acute, he said, in tropic missions where dampness and fungus growth can thoroughly destroy even the most expensive volume in a couple of years. Could Willging and Brown come up with a solution?

Well, Willging and Brown not only came up with a solution but they rolled up their sleeves and went to work to see that the solution was carried through. For tropic missions, they came up with a special solution: paperbacks. Inexpensive and expendable, paperback books can be easily replaced when tropic fungus and dampness have taken their toll.

To date, Willging and Brown have directed the shipment of 20,000 books. "And," adds Willging, "we could boost that to a half million a year, if—and this is the big 'if'—we could find a few 'angels' to help pay the shipping costs." A word to potential donors: Books must be in good condition, morally unobjectionable, and of some literary merit. Requests for information, but not books, may be sent to Eugene Willging, c/o The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.





Photographs by Jacques Lene

Virginia O'Hanlon Douglas, right, in class at St. Joseph's Hall, Brooklyn

## YES, VIRGINIA...

Fifty-nine years ago one of the most famous editorials ever written appeared in the pages of *The New York Sun*. "Yes, Virginia," it said, "there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy."

The memorable editorial has never been forgotten, but few remember its writer, Francis P. Church, and even fewer remember Virginia. Recently, we pondered this and decided upon a little search for Virginia to ask her feelings about Santa Claus today. Well, we found her, and she proved to be the same warm, wonderful person one would imagine Virginia to be. Her full name is Mrs. Virginia O'Hanlon Douglas and she is principal of P. S. 401 in Brooklyn, New York, a special school that conducts classes for

hospitalized and convalescent children throughout the Borough.

Santa? Yes, Virginia is still very much a believer in teaching children about him. "Children," she says, "believe in Santa Claus the way they believe in elves and giants and talking tigers. He's not at all far-fetched for their simple faith and free imaginations. And not only that, Santa Claus is a chance for children to learn faith and hope, benevolence and magnanimity, poetry and fantasy. To deny them this experience is to impose adult standards on them before they are prepared to accept them. And when they do grow up enough to learn what Santa really is, they will not have forgotten that there is more to this world than one can see and feel and taste and touch."

*Here comes Christmas and I'm laying 12 to 5*

*we'll have Billy Miske with us*

## A YULETIDE WAGER

by RED SMITH

HERE COMES the Christmas season, and although I wouldn't know about Santa Claus I'm laying 12 to 5 we'll have Billy Miske with us again. The odds reflect my abiding faith in magazine editors, those men of taste, sensitivity, and courage who fear nothing on earth save a story that hasn't already been published in another magazine.

After a football game in East Lansing, Mich., a few years ago I was dining with George Barton, a wonderful little guy out of Minneapolis who is, probably, the most widely known and warmly liked newspaperman in the Northwest. In his youth he boxed Terrible Terry McGovern, who was featherweight champion at the start of this century, and for years George refereed fights and he served on the Minnesota boxing commission and was president of the National Boxing Association.

We fell to talking about a friend of ours, a brave man who was dying of an incurable ailment and knew it, and George said he guessed he'd never known a gamer fellow in his life except, maybe, Billy Miske. Then he told me about Miske's last fight.

Billy was a Minneapolis heavyweight of Jack Dempsey's day who, like our friend, was dying and knew it. Broke, he induced a promoter named Jack Reddy to get him one more fight so he could buy gifts for his family on their last Christmas together. Reluctantly, Reddy matched him with Bill Brennan.

Though he was too sick to train, Miske won by a knockout, earned about \$2,400, and shot the works for Christmas

On December 26 he phoned Reddy "Come get me; I'm dying," and within a week he was dead.

"That's a great story, George," I said. "Have you ever written it?"

George said no, someday he'd write a book and he would put that in. Back in New York a few days later I was stuck for a column so I swiped the Miske story, saying here was a tale as told by George Barton.

First there was a letter from a *Reader's Digest* editor suggesting that I rewrite the story for him, and then Dave Camerer, who was with *Esquire* at the time, telephoned that he'd like the piece.

Now, I do not wish to put myself away as an ethical guy. For the daily column I'll steal anything, but to lift another man's yarn and sell it to a magazine for money, that's a little thick. By this time I had lost the *Reader's Digest* letter and forgot the editor's name but I told Camerer about that and explained it was George Barton's story, not mine. Dave said digest-schmigest he wanted it anyhow and he was commissioning an artist to do a double-truck painting and was going to call the piece "Christmas Is For Giving."

I wrote George Barton urging him to do the piece. He replied no, I should go ahead, so I did. Before *Esquire's* Christmas number came out, though, here came a copy of another magazine—*Liberty*, I think—with the tale of Billy Miske's Last Fight, by George Barton. Later when we met somewhere on the sports beat George told me he thought

he had the yarn sold to the movies.

Well, this was pretty good mileage for one weepy story. It had made a column for me, a magazine piece for George, another magazine piece for me, and now it would be a movie, though if Hollywood ever made it I didn't see it. You'd think editors would be finding it a bit dog-eared by now, wouldn't you?

Maybe as much as a year later, accepting the poet's dictum that you can't buy blades in your bathroom, I stopped in a drug store and there on the cigar counter was a stack of *Reader's Digest* with the table of contents on the cover the way they do. Bing, smack in the eye came a title, "Billy Miske's Last Fight," by Dorothy Kilgallen and Dick Kolmar. *Digest* circulation went up by one.

Afterward I learned how that came about. The *Digest* editor—I still don't know his name—happened to mention the original column to Mark Hanna, the literary agent, and said he had written but hadn't heard from me. In that case, Mark said, he'd be glad to assign somebody from his stable to the story, and he picked Dorothy and Dick.

By now I was watching *Pravda* to see when Dostoyevsky would latch onto good old Miskevitch but nothing showed up and I concluded that the yarn had run its course at last. Shows how much I know about editors.

Because I have religious scruples against going to bed without reading tomorrow's entries, I get *The Morning Telegraph* at home, and one of the features I enjoy most is the column by my friend, Barney Nagler, whose principal

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United Press Photo

*This is the Billy Miske story  
as George Barton tells it: Billy,  
a heavyweight of the Dempsey era, was  
dying and he knew it. Broke, he  
induced a promoter to get him one more  
fight so he could buy Christmas  
presents for the kids. He won by  
a knockout. A week later he was dead*

beat is boxing. Right around Christmas last year, I open up to Page Two and the caption on Barney's column jumps out at me: "Time To Retell Miske Story."

Blessed if Barney wasn't taking poor old Billy around the course again. The circle was complete: it had started as a newspaper column, it had run through the big magazines and the little ones, illustrated and bare of art, it had got to Hollywood and now it was back in a newspaper column. What's more, Barney's lead began, in effect: "This being the Christmas season, we're going to retell a story we wrote here last year . . ."

Naturally, the style of telling varied a little with each version, though the facts were substantially the same. What struck me as curious but proper was that in all cases the dialogue was identical. Inasmuch as I happened to be the first to write the story, the dialogue was mine. Writing the original column the way George had told me the story, I reported as faithfully as I could what Miske had said to Reddy and what Reddy had said to Barton and what Barton had said to Miske and so on, but of course the actual phrasing was mine.

Good reporters don't mess around with direct quotes, and after that first column everybody who took a riffle at the story was a good reporter. Consequently the original dialogue that I had made up never varied.

That's about all up to now, but here it comes up Christmas again. About those 12 to 5 odds—any takers?

# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Home Missions

READING STATISTICS on the number of Catholics in some of the states of our country is apt to make us forget that others are still in the classification of "mission fields at home." In all Nevada there are five Catholic schools and its bishop sends a plea not for churches or schools or even teaching Sisters, but for missionary Sisters who will go out to the people of his farflung diocese, largest in area in the United States and most thinly populated. His Sisters travel daily from centers, preparing children for the Sacraments, helping the grownup in any way they can; they may have to travel a hundred and fifty miles to carry out their work.

In the South there are a dozen states with some thirty millions of people; one and a half million are Catholic, about 5 per cent, and half of these live in Louisiana. In one outlying neighborhood the priest has forty families scattered through a four-county parish.

Archbishop Toolen of Mobile-Birmingham has over 58,000 square miles in his archdiocese—and "too few priests and too few Sisters and a great deal of work to do for God," as his forthright little appeal puts it, and he adds, "children are our future and we have classes for them whenever and wherever and however possible."

Twenty-nine years ago, Father Julian Endler came from his Passionist monastery to New Bern, North Carolina, and the parish buildings he found were a sorry sight—the rectory a tin-roofed wooden shack, the convent and church no better, the school three miserable rooms. It took money to improve things, to build; he sent his little appeals through the mails, and then, days later, he would go to the rural mail box, hoping to return to his rectory with a heavy mail—and instead often bringing back only a heavy heart.

But appeals like Father Julian's were in their very simplicity as good as anything Madison Avenue smartness could produce. People did answer; money did come. And today he has a fine church, school, parish hall, workshop for boys, home economics quarters for girls—and they were all built out of the times when Father Julian found something in the envelopes in the mail box. If you touch the heart, purses and checkbooks open by themselves. And, after all, he wanted nothing for himself. Like others who work in the South, he knows what neglect and indifference has cost. When he came to New Bern there were a dozen Catholic Colored; now there are close to four hundred. But they are still poor, too poor to give much to their Church.

## Work is Bearing Fruit

IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA, another Passionist, Father Emmanuel Trainor, was put in charge of a new parish of Colored a few years ago. This part of the city was a community project the city fathers were developing for Negroes and the people are a different class from the poor and forgotten, so his work is chiefly converts, and he and his fellow missionaries have a record of almost a hundred in less than a year. Here too is work, and it too needs help. It needs to make the sensitive, the hurt feel that the Church is theirs too, that the Church wants them—and needs them.

In 1935 a third Passionist, Father Maurice Tew, asked for a Colored mission and was sent to Greenville, North Carolina, where he found one Catholic Colored family. He

rented an old store and said Mass there. He used an old crier's bell to bring the Colored to services at night and then he talked to them and played for them alternately. In time friends sent him funds to build a little brick church. Twenty years after he came ground was broken for a school, convent, and auditorium, and this year Bishop Waters blessed them. His church is filled, and so is his school. His dreams are a reality—but dreams cost much less than reality does though the first is needed to produce the second. It costs to build and also to sustain—and Christmas presents of cash are fine sustainers!

In Abbeyville, Louisiana, is a small group of Dominican nuns who came from France to help the Delta area poor. Rural Missionaries they call themselves, and their convent Our Lady of the Bayous. To forgotten settlements of the French they bring their love and the teaching of God—and medicines and toys and clothing when these are sent them, or when a sum of money comes their way. And in many places in the South are Mother Katharine Drexel's daughters, well established now, but the great fortune they had for their use has gone with their foundress' death. They have inherited her spirit, but others must help now to continue their work among the Negroes and the Indians.

## Christmas is Coming

IN THE SMALL CHURCHES and the little convents and rectories of the South, everyone knows that Christmas is coming, for the Sisters are already telling the children the story of the world's greatest miracle. And these men and women who work in that vineyard are doing every day exactly what Our Lord did on that day: He gave Himself to the world, and that is what they are doing.

If love alone could run the missions, how easy it would be. The coin of the heart which these priests and Sisters carry with them is minted in Heaven and is the greatest treasure they have to offer. But they need money for the buildings, for the food and medical supplies, for booklets and cards and medals for the children—and this month they need things to make Christmas a gay and joyous time.

On other occasions I have written here at Christmas of workers in missions in other lands and there has been a generous response. They still need your help and I hope you continue giving it. But this year I appeal for our American mission fields and especially for those of the South.

In our mail they come, these modest appeals, and sometimes they are so interesting we feel a glow to think that this is what our Church is doing and we decide we must do something to help—but do we carry the thought to the deed? The Sisters will of course do their best, and there will be lights and decorations from wood and field, and all can share the greatest gift of all—communion in the Mass. But can you imagine a Christmas where children have not one toy? Can you think how they would feel if they did not have the cookies and the bag of candy that set this day apart?

This is no appeal for old clothing or old toys—though those are always welcome—but for this Christmas I wish you would send the priests and religious whose names I have mentioned a check or green paper, whatever you can spare. It will bring you a gift too: the essence of the spirit that makes Christ's own day one of loving and giving.





## The CROSS and the CRIB

The outstretched arms of the Babe of Bethlehem were later  
to be nailed to the Cross of Calvary

by **BERTRAND WEAVER, C. P.**

**W**ITH the anniversary of the greatest birthday in history approaching, we will very likely again be seeing on billboards along the highways and on greeting cards a Christmas motif which has become more and more familiar with the passing years. It shows a stately, white, country church with a graceful spire. But more frequently than not, you cannot see how the spire ends because the artist has decided to cut off its top with the upper border of the picture.

Perhaps there are artistic grounds for this device, although they are not apparent to the ordinary observer. A more plausible explanation is that these lopped spires in Christmas scenes are the result of a quandary on the part of the artist. Should he top the spire with the Cross, or should he just bring it to a point which will make it rather pointless and, therefore, acceptable to those who like their Christianity on the vague side? Not wishing to offend either those who are repelled by a church edifice which is not dominated by the great symbol of Christianity, or those who shy away from the Cross, the artist ends up with something which is both Crossless and pointless. Perhaps he realizes that even though he were to put a point on his spire, he would be missing the main point, which is the Cross.

We do not write or talk about the Cross expressly as Christmas approaches. The Church, through her wonderful liturgical cycle, sees to it that we preserve a sense of proportion. And so, during this season, we concentrate on the Crib. But, while we center our attention on the most joyful birth of the Saviour of the world at Bethlehem, we would not be showing a proper sense of proportion if we were to forget that the Child, whose birth filled the sky with an unearthly radiance and the music of angelic choirs, was born to die on the Cross within the short space of thirty-three years. Whether or not we picture His infant arms outstretched in the form of the Cross, the fact remains that those arms were assumed by the Son of God that they might later be pinned to that blood-stained instrument of redemption.

There is no day of the year that is more synonymous with joy than Christmas. No night so pulsates with light as the midwinter night when we celebrate the birthday of Him who called Himself the Light of the World. Our joy is so great that it overflows in merriment. This is why we are not satisfied with greeting each other with *happy* Christmas, as we say *happy* New Year, or *happy* Easter. It must be *merry* Christmas.

But this merriment should not be put

on like a cloak, as though we agreed to observe a world holiday on which we will all be gay and manifest cheer and good will, without thinking of whether there is some very good reason for such a celebration. On December twenty-fifth, we do have a global birthday party. But we should not act as if we decided to celebrate in grand style somebody's birthday—anybody's birthday—just to have a merry old time to break the monotony of the year's round of toil.

Christmas is the birthday of the Saviour of the world, and He came at Bethlehem to save us through His holy Cross. A lovely Christmas carol catches the traditional spirit of this linking of Christ's birth and our redemption:

God rest ye, merry gentlemen!

Let nothing you dismay.

For Jesus Christ, Our Saviour,

Was born on Christmas day.

O, tidings of comfort and joy. . .

We do not refer to a birth usually as a comfort. We would not say that even the birth of the Son of God was a comfort, unless He had come as Our Saviour.

If God had come into our world, taking upon Himself our human nature and walking among us for a few years, but then had left our earth without redeeming us, His visit would have given us little reason for rejoicing. It is Calvary, looming in the background, that makes us exult at Christmas with the exultation of the ransomed.

The Church, in her Christmas liturgy, emphasizes that our reason for feeling the deepest joy is that the birthday of Christ means that the salvation of the human race is assured. In the Mass of the vigil of Christmas, she places on the lips of the priest the words of Psalm seventy-two: "This day you shall know that the Lord will come and save us." And in the first vespers of the Nativity, which are chanted during the afternoon of Christmas eve, she has us sing: "Lift up your heads: behold your redemption is at hand!"

In the joyous hymn of those vespers, which mark the beginning of her celebration of Christmas, the Church greets the newborn King as "Jesu! Redeemer of the world! Immortal Hope of all mankind." This hymn of rejoicing goes on to sing of "the Day which healed our misery, and brought on earth salvation's King." This is also stressed in the epistle of the Midnight Mass, in which the Church has us "looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and Our Saviour Jesus Christ: *Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity. . .*"

The communion antiphon of the second Mass of Christmas reaches back to the Prophet Zachary to help us keep in

mind that our joy springs from the fact that the birth of the Immortal King of Ages is the birth of our Divine Bondsman: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion, shout for joy, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King comes, the just One, the Saviour of the world."

The circumstances preceding and following the birth of Christ all underscore His coming to ransom the captive human race, a ransoming which would be completed only when He would bow His head in death on the Cross. The Angel who appeared to Joseph in a dream, telling him of the approaching virgin birth, commanded him to call the Son born to Mary *Jesus*, which means *Saviour*, because, as the Angel explained, "He shall save His people from their sins." And the Angel who appeared to the shepherds before the sky suddenly filled with a multitude of the heavenly host told them that "there has been born to you today in the town of David a *Saviour*, Who is Christ the Lord."

The shepherds are not only told that the Saviour has come, but they are given the privilege of being the first to hear

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• A lot of folks would listen to their conscience if they could tell it what to say.

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Him called *Christ*. This name signifies the Anointed. Christ is anointed as Priest, as the great High Priest. A priest's office is to offer sacrifice. Thus, the very night of His birth, an angelic messenger makes an implicit reference to His death. The message to these humble men means that the Infant whom they will find wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger is the Saviour, already anointed as Priest for the tremendous sacrificial offering which He will make of Himself on the Cross.

Even the visit of the Magi, with all its splendor and offering of magnificent gifts, foreshadowed Calvary, for among those gifts was that of myrrh, symbol of suffering, and prophetic symbol of His redemptive suffering on the Cross.

It was only a matter of weeks after His birth that He was presented in the Temple. And, on this occasion, there is not only a prophetic reference to His Passion, but also to the part that His Mother will play in it. The aged Simeon, filled with joy at the fulfillment of the promise that God had made to him that he would not die without seeing the Messiah, was moved to prophesy concerning the Cross. After taking the Child into his arms and singing his immortal canticle, he announced to those standing about that Christ was a Sign, which

would be contradicted. Surely He would be contradicted, or spoken against, mainly during His hours on Calvary. And the sword which Simeon told Mary would pierce her soul would make its deepest wound when she contemplated His awful wounds on the Cross.

Christ came as the Saviour of all mankind. We cannot help feeling, in the midst of our rejoicing at this time, a deep regret that many of those who will observe His birthday as a holiday will do so without giving even a passing thought to Him without whom December twenty-fifth would be just another day in the calendar. We also sympathize with those who have inherited a tradition that was symbolized by the exclusion of His Cross from meeting house steeples and by the playing down of the role of the Madonna in our redemption. It would hardly be surprising if those who have been molded by this tradition should have confused thoughts about the crib and the Cross, let alone the connection between them.

All of us, let us be candid enough to admit, are prone to be distracted by the trimmings of the season. And, when we get around to thinking of the meaning of the great day, there is danger of romanticizing Madonna and Child, stable and manger, and thus treating the occasion as a sentimental interlude.

Even though we do not sentimentalize the day, there is still the danger that we will concentrate on the birth of Our Lord in such a way that we will fail to relate this mystery with the others in His life.

To help us keep His birth in proper perspective, let us notice that the Cross will still be elevated above our churches as we enter them for Christmas Mass. The Cross will still be over the altar and on the vestments of the priest. After you have recited the words of the Creed, "and became incarnate by the Holy Spirit, of the Virgin Mary; and was made man," you will immediately add: "He was crucified also for us. . ." The Mass at which you will assist on the feast of His Nativity will be the Sacrifice which He offered for our redemption on Calvary.

If, during Christmastide, you see a skyscraper with its windows left illuminated in such a way as to form the Cross, do not think that this is an inappropriate symbol to display during this happy season. Realize that the crib would have no meaning if the Cross did not follow, that the mystery of His birth finds its completion in the mystery of His death. Remember that our real reason for rejoicing is that "God so loved the world, as to give His only begotten Son . . . that the world might be saved by Him."

# THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Extreme Unction

*Why do the last rites of the Church go under the name of Extreme Unction? Is it because of the extreme condition of the patient?—E.W., NASHVILLE, TENN.*



Extreme Unction is only one feature of the last rites of the Church. Included also among the last rites are the sacrament of Penance, the reception of the Eucharist—referred to in such circumstances as "Viaticum"—and the imparting of the final, Apostolic Blessing, to which there is attached a plenary indulgence.

The sacrament of Extreme Unction implies a final anointing. Its purpose is recorded thoroughly in St. James' epistle. (5: 14, 15) By this sacramental anointing, Divine Providence has made it possible to counteract the sins committed through the agency of our bodily senses—eyes, ears, nostrils, lips, hands, and feet. In an emergency, only the forehead is anointed. The sacramental oil is blessed by the bishop for this specific purpose and is known as the Oil of the Infirm. Too many Catholics have a superstitious dread of receiving this sacrament. Mistakenly, they regard it as an indication that imminent death is a foregone conclusion. They forget, or perhaps never knew, that, in addition to the forgiveness of sins, other purposes of Extreme Unction are to console the mind and heart of the sick and even cause their recovery, if the Lord of Life and Death so will. To deprive a person of the benefits of this sacrament while he is still conscious is nothing less than criminal negligence.

## Social Worship

*Why does the Church put so much stress on organized religion, even to the point of seeming top-heavy? It seems to me that more informality would be a relief.—L. V., AKRON, OHIO.*

You fail to give any examples of what you consider the top-heavy organization of the Church. We must keep in mind the social character of the Church, whose millions of members are not unrelated, isolated individuals, any more than the citizens of a country or a hamlet. It is only natural that fellow citizens work together for the common good of the entire community. So too, it should be spontaneous that we serve God together—as a family, as a parish, as a diocese. We all have the duty of mutual edification. Furthermore, God is the Creator, Saviour, and Judge of cities and nations, as well as of families and parishes. Hence, private worship to the exclusion of public worship would be a contradiction.

Organized religion is called for, not only because of the social aspects of the Church, but also because of the very many factors that enter into the most important business of mankind—the salvation of the human soul. In the very nature of the case, the Church has to continue what Christ began, what she has been delegated to accomplish. Broadly speaking, the Church has to teach infallibly, to rule wisely,

and to sanctify sacramentally. Each of those three functions of the Church bespeaks all but countless details, so much so that without refined organization, chaos would be the result—and failure. We should thank God that we belong to a Church which is not only divine in origin but so efficiently organized as to enable us the better to believe, to obey, and to worship God becomingly.

## Spiritual Father

*You Catholics seem to think nothing of addressing your priests by the title of "Father." To my mind, this is an infringement upon the sovereign rights of God the Father and savors of arrogance if not sacrilege.—F. H., MOBILE, ALA.*

We may assume, then, that you were never so arrogant as to refer to your male parent as your "father"—that you resorted to equivalent names, such as "Dad," or "Pa," or other current terms. Our Lord did uphold the unique and supreme Fatherhood of God, but not in such a sense as to exclude a true, although secondary, fatherhood from men. Plainly, He accorded this title to parents when He warned us: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

In a secondary, strictly spiritual, but none the less true sense, a priest is the father of souls. In this vein, St. Paul asserted: "By the gospel, I have begotten you in Christ Jesus." (1 Cor. 4:15) Through the ministrations of the priest at the baptismal font, supernatural life is imparted to the infant soul; by the priest, souls are religiously educated and sacramentally nourished and healed. What more suitable title, then, that of spiritual "Father"? Did you know that Anglican clergymen are addressed by the same title? And Anglicans are Protestants—not Catholics.

## Horror Tale

*I am often embarrassed no end by the skeleton in the Church's closet known as the Spanish Inquisition.—J. A., SPOKANE, WASH.*

The Spanish Inquisition of the fifteenth century is only one of several in the history of Christianity. But biased historians and enemies of the Church make more hue and cry over that crusade of repression than over any other. It is inevitable, in the course of any such campaign, that abuses occur. And occur they did, during the Spanish Inquisition. This undeniable fact is embarrassing, but when you know all the facts, you need not be embarrassed "no end."

In today's world, there are only a few countries where Church and State are so wedded that the enemy of the one is rated the enemy of the other. Some are Catholic, some are Protestant. But, centuries ago, that partnership was the order of the day. In Protestant England and in Catholic Spain, heresy and national patriotism were considered incompatible. In Spain, even today, non-Catholics are not free to alienate Catholics from their Faith. In Central and South America, however, that process is underway with little or no



hindrance. In the Scandinavian countries, the Catholic Church is barely tolerated, and for the most part priests are taboo. A mere reminder of recent Nazi and current Soviet inquisitions should suffice.

In the Spain of centuries ago, there was a very serious infiltration of both State and Church by Jewish and Moslem "converts." Posing as converts, they secured so many positions of influence and control as to menace both the nation and the Catholic Church. Consequently, the investigation known as the Inquisition was amply justified. Church authorities were not guilty of the farce of prevailing upon unconvinced "converts" to accept Christian baptism. But they did screen and detect impostors. Since heresy was considered sedition against the State, the guilty were turned over to the civil authorities for punishment—fines, imprisonment, exile, even death.

As for the severity of the punishments meted out, we cannot judge the authorities of five centuries ago by standards of the present day and of the U.S.A. We do not have to go back very far in American history, to the days when the flogging of the crew was commonplace aboard our ships, when hanging was considered the just desert of a horse thief. The above and numerous similar factors have to be duly considered, in order to establish the perspective in which a fair appraisal can be made of Church-State relationships, of methods which—no matter how shocking today—were then taken for granted. For an educational booklet on the Spanish Inquisition, by the Rev. John A. O'Brien, write to The Paulist Press, 401 W. 59 St., New York 19, N. Y.

#### Acts of the Holy See

*Please explain the official document which I have often seen quoted, known as the Acts of the Holy See.—S.D., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.*

The publication entitled the *Acts of the Holy See* was issued for the first time in 1865; as of 1904, it was considered as more or less official. In 1909, it was replaced by the *Acts of the Apostolic See*, under the direction of Pope St. Pius X, who established the new publication as the official vehicle for the promulgation of Papal decrees, letters, and the like, of decisions of the Sacred Congregations or bureaus. According to the Code of Canon Law, decrees and the like take on binding force three months after their promulgation via this official publication.

#### Mother and Child

*You Catholics overdo your devotion to Mary. I am not one of those Presbyterians who accused you of Mary-idolatry, but I cannot see eye to eye with you. Some of your male saints have had Mary for a middle name. Your Christmas cards feature Mary as prominently as Jesus—thus dividing and distracting attention from Him.—T.G., PRINCETON, N. J.*



Understandably, one who has viewed stained glass windows only from outside a church is skeptical as to their beauty when viewed from the inside. Similarly, it is difficult for a non-Catholic to understand the Catholic mentality—your viewpoint is that of an outsider. Then, too, the essential features of a Catholic devotion should not be confused or identified with accidental features peculiar to certain centuries or countries.

For example, on the occasion of Baptism or Confirmation, it is typical of the Mexican Catholic to honor Christ by gracing an infant boy with the name Jesus. But American Catholics would not dream of adopting that cus-

tom which, to them, seems to savor of irreverent familiarity. Yet, the Mexicans have as profound a respect for Christ as we. So too, in Europe, it is not uncommon for religious men to take Mary as a middle name, and those who do so are not regarded as effeminate. The custom bespeaks simply a profound regard for the unique woman who mothered God-Incarnate. We Americans do not take to that European way of manifesting our devotion. Nevertheless, in our devotion to the Mother of God, we Americans are of one mind and heart with Catholics the world over.

As for the religious expression of Christmas sentiments, we should bear in mind that Christmas was originally, and still should be, above all else a holy day rather than a mere holiday. It is the anniversary of Christ's birth. Logically, we think of Him as a newborn Infant, providentially dependent upon His mother. From what you say, you yourself believe the following item of the Nicene Creed: "And (He) was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man." Would it improve or spoil Franz Gruber's unearthly hymn, "Silent Night, Holy Night," to tamper with the coupling of "Mother and Child?" Catholics are simply logical in their reverence for Mary, precisely because she is the mother—not of a mere man—but of the God-Man. That stupendous fact is God's own reason for the privileges bestowed upon Mary, such as her Immaculate Conception, her bodily assumption to heaven. Should we hush a mother-child relationship, despite the fact that it has been planned and emphasized by Divine Providence? Just because Catholics understand Christ's perspective, there is no danger of the mother overshadowing the Son.

#### Papist: Romish

*Is there something odious intended when I am referred to as a Papist?—R. F. SAVANNAH, GA.*

Since you are the only Catholic workman among many non-Catholics, so many of whom are openly anti-Catholic, there is no room for doubt that this threadbare label is intended as a slur. It is a reminder that you are under the influence of papal teaching, ruling, and sanctifying powers. According to St. John Fisher, the term was originated by Luther. A similar term, intended by way of disparagement and as a substitute for "Catholic" is "Romish": it was used by the Church of England during the process of her secession from Rome and the Pope.

#### God's Grace

*What is the difference between a person who is in the state of grace and one who is not?—W. D., AKRON, OHIO.*

A human being whose soul is not endowed with divine grace is a mere creature who is spiritually below par, subnormal. When a human soul is endowed with God's grace, its moral health is improved to a superhuman, supernatural extent—from a condition of original or personal sin, it is restored to normal. Divine grace so qualifies a soul that it becomes acceptable to God as an adopted child. As adopted children of God, we are also *adapted*—so transformed as to share in divine wisdom and courage. His wisdom enlightens our minds, His power energizes our hearts or wills. Our natural abilities are transmuted by the supernatural capabilities known as the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity; by the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude; by many other moral virtues, as well as the spiritual gifts of the Holy Spirit. Without this equipment of soul, a man is tragically puny. Christ had in mind the unadapted, unadopted human creature, when He admonished us: "Without Me, you can do nothing!" (John 15:5)



### Poor Souls' Knowledge

*A group of women wish to pose this question: Are the souls in purgatory with us in spirit—do they know when a Mass or other suffrage is applied to them?—J. V., JERSEY CITY, N. J.*

We are certain, of course, that Divine Providence permits us to intercede in behalf of the souls in purgatory. By our suffrages, their penitential sufferings are diminished or shortened. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." (2 Mach. 12:46) However, we do not know the precise degree of benefit which accrues to a soul in purgatory as a result of our suffrages—that depends upon the mercy of God. Nor do we know to what extent, or just how, the souls in purgatory are aware of the suffrages offered for and applied to them. It stands to reason that they must be keenly alert to any diminution in their suffering, but as to whether or not they know, before their release from purgatory to heaven, the names of their benefactors or the extent of their benefactions, it is futile for us to surmise. But we are certain that our exertions in behalf of the souls in purgatory will redound to our own benefit, as well as theirs. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." (Matt. 5:7)

### Original Sin

*I confess that I am quite muddled as to the correct meaning of original sin, as taught by Christianity in general and by the Catholic Church in particular. How is it possible, is it fair, that I be rated guilty of a sin I did not commit?—F.B., WASHINGTON, D. C.*

We do not doubt that you are muddled by some of the untidy, hazy notions of original sin, as concocted by some of the Christian sects. Their unsatisfactory, hopeless groping for the truth exemplifies the need there is for nothing short of infallible guidance to meet such an emergency as the eternal salvation of the human race.

Aside from Adam and Eve, original sin is not personal to us in the ordinary sense of the term. It is personal to us only because we, as their offspring, have inherited the consequences of what they did. They sinned personally—and officially, as the representative heads of the entire human family. As part and parcel of their punishment, they were deprived by the Creator against whom they mutinied of many gifts of body and soul. Although all these gifts were gratuities—"extras," so to speak—endowments not demandable by human nature, it was not normal to be without them. For example, poverty may be normal to one man; wealth, to another. If the wealthy man go bankrupt, by his poverty he becomes subnormal, and with him his family and heirs fall below par. Every family is dependent upon the prosperity of the head of the family. So too, the only normal condition of the human family is to be graced by the original, extra endowments of body and soul bestowed upon Adam and Eve by the Creator—for themselves and for all their posterity. Since they were not mere private individuals, their downfall became ours, too. Our unique sin is called *original*, because it ties in with our origin.

As a consequence we, their offspring, come into the world disinherited, below par, subnormal. Our condition is best characterized as a state of deprivation. We are not all that we should be, we lack much of what we should have. To realize the accuracy of dubbing this state of affairs as a something *sinful*, we have to understand just what sort of lack we suffer from. It is perfectly normal that a stone lack intelligence, that a flower lack speech. Such lacks are not privative—are not deprivations of what *should be*. It is crucially different in the case of a human being. Man must

have intelligence and speech; he should have also the original, extra endowments of body and soul without which he suffers a privative lack. To lack what we should have is a sinful condition, a morally wrong condition.

On the part of Adam and Eve, original sin was, first of all, a sinful *act*. Thereby they brought upon themselves a state of deprivation, a sinful *state*. On our part, original sin is not a personal sin in the sense that applies to them. We sinned personally only in the sense that Adam and Eve acted for us and did the wrong thing. As an inherited thing, original sin is a sinful state, a privative lack. Original sin is not a case of what we have done: It is a case of what we have incurred. It is a "family sin."

For an enlightening summation of divine information on original sin, for a consoling chapter on this subject from God's library, we recommend that you read the fifth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, typified by the unearthly optimism of the following words: "As by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners; so also by the obedience of One, many shall be made just. . . . unto life everlasting, through Jesus Christ Our Lord."

### Forty Hours Devotion

*How obligatory is it that I attend the Forty Hours Devotion in my parish?—R. N., MONTAUK, N. Y.*



Generally speaking, there is no strict obligation in conscience to attend the Forty Hours Devotion. This three-day period, dedicated in a special way to the honor of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, is an opportunity rather than an obligation. However, it is a definite and special occasion for the liberal circulation of God's grace, and spiritually needy individuals, here and there, now and then, may easily have a personal obligation to avail themselves of this providential opportunity. There are emergencies of soul as well as of body. Aside from any personal obligation based upon sheer necessity, such as may dictate an immediate sacramental confession and the belated fulfillment of one's Easter duty, the Forty Hours Devotion is an ideal opportunity to deepen appreciation of the Real Presence. The Eucharistic tabernacle should be the focal point of every parish.

### Anglican Orders

*I need information as to the invalidity of Anglican Orders—am discussing this matter with an Episcopalian.—H. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

Papal decisions to the effect that the ordination of priests and the consecration of bishops within the Anglican sect have been invalid were given by Popes Julius III and Paul IV, and finally in 1896 by Leo XIII. For reliable literature, we suggest that you apply to your nearest Catholic college library, or the library alongside St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street. Consult the *Catholic Encyclopedia*; *Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders*, *The Popes and the Ordinal*, by Barnes; *Anglican Ordinations*, by Semple. Perhaps best of all, to appreciate the fairness and thoroughness of Pope Leo's investigation, read his official, decisive document on this subject, under date of Sept. 13, 1896. The gist of the papal argument is the defect of form (words) and intention, on the part of those ordaining prelates who broke the apostolic succession. These defects are found in and characterize the Ordinal of King Edward VI and Elizabeth I. Essential defects are not surprising, since it was the avowed purpose of its authors to scuttle the very essence of the Catholic priesthood—the power to offer the sacrifice of the Mass.

*Sister Joan Regius had a problem:*

## Ludie and the Church girl

by FRANK J. CANNEY

THE LITTLE TAYLOR girl is dead now, but Sister Joan Regius will never forget her. She will always remember the nine-year-old child's blonde curls, her freckled, pale features, and the wan smile that wrapped itself around your heart.

Ludie Taylor belonged to a family of lettuce tramps. Her people had come to our California town seven years ago. Like many others from Oklahoma and Arkansas, they found jobs in the lettuce fields and in the fruit orchards. For the most part they were deeply religious people, being "immersion folks," as they called themselves.

Mass, celebrated by a priest from a nearby city, was attended each Sunday by the few Catholics in this town. Two nuns, who lived in a convent forty miles away, drove here twice a week to hold catechetical instructions for our children in the house of a Catholic family.

Sister Joan Regius was one of these nuns. She was a native of Wisconsin, and the local people aroused her interest. To her they were not "Okies" or "Arkies." She thought of them as sincere, hard-working, and so generous they would walk a mile to do you a favor. She never failed to become excited at their courtesy and picturesque manner of speaking.

The two nuns, on their part, in those strange, black habits, caused many a curious whisper when they instructed children in the Catholic home. Sister Joan Regius, especially, could not get accustomed to boys, girls, and even

*"I'll get well and  
I'll be going to bible  
school, won't I?"*

adults gazing through the windows at her. She tried to ignore them until one November day she glanced at a window and saw a little girl's face pressed against the glass. The girl did not whisper. Neither did she stare. She gazed in rapt attention at the strange lady in the long, black dress.

Every time that the nun gave catechetical instructions during the following weeks the child's face was framed in the window. Her intent expression one day proved to be too much for Sister Joan Regius. After class was dismissed, she walked out of the house and around to a side window. The curious onlookers, with one exception, scattered at her approach. But the blonde, with the freckled, pale features, stood her ground and gazed up at the nun in rapt fascination.

Sister Joan Regius smiled and asked, "What is your name?"

"Ludie, Ma'm."

"What is your full name? Is it Ludmilla?"

"Just plain Ludie, Ma'm. Ludie

Taylor." With her blue eyes shining in curiosity, the child backed away until she disappeared around the corner of the house.

Sister Joan Regius had always looked forward to her trips from the convent. The ride with her nun-companion through the mountains, now turning green with the winter rains, and the sights of the carrot and artichoke fields made her glow with happiness. Now she looked forward to the trips more than ever, for she hoped to see Ludie Taylor once more.

One day, just after Christmas, Ludie again gazed through the window. After dismissing class, Sister walked outside to speak with her. She learned that the girl lived with her parents and four brothers in an unpainted shack on a shabby street. "Daddy's a lettuce tramp," Ludie explained after some moments of shyness. "But he isn't here. He works in a shed in Phoenix." She hesitated, then burst out with, "You're a church girl, aren't you? You can never get married, can you?"



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LLEWELLYN

## *a shy, sick girl interested in religion and a father who refused to believe*

Sister laughingly answered both questions.

"When I get big," said the child, "I'd sure like to be a church girl like you, Ma'm, even if I am 'mersion folk. Right now I'm fixing to go to bible school. Is that what you have in this here house, is that bible school?"

The nun agreed that you could term catechism classes "bible school."

"I can go to bible school now because Daddy is away. He hates churches and things like that." For some minutes Ludie talked, then she excused herself politely and hurried away toward the row of unpainted houses.

Twice a week, during the months of January, February, and March, Sister Joan Regius enjoyed her talks with Ludie Taylor. Then one day she glanced toward the window and saw that the familiar pale face was not there. Often, during the class, she stole a glance at the empty window. She had a hard time keeping her attention on the pupils in front of her. Three times she had to ask a child to repeat the answer to a question. Before dismissing the pupils from class, Sister asked if anybody knew of Ludie Taylor. A girl said that she knew where Ludie lived but that was all she had learned about her.

During the next class session, a middle-aged woman was ushered into the house. The woman explained that she was Ludie's mother, and she announced that the child was very sick. Hodgkin's disease, the doctor had said.

Sister Joan Regius called to her nun-companion, and, in the company of Mrs. Taylor, she paid a visit to the stricken girl.

The Taylors lived in a four-room house at the edge of a slough. But a neat lawn, and well-kept flowers, and the clean furnishings, many of them homemade, showed that the occupants spent few moments in idleness. Ludie's sick room was the parlor and here she sat on a davenport. The nun hurried over and dropped beside her. She took the child's thin hands in both of hers. She noted how Ludie's face had a pinched look and that her blue eyes held a shining intensity. "My church girl, my church girl," Ludie kept saying over and over. "Soon I'll be well again and I'll be fixing to go to your bible school. Mama promised so, didn't you, Mama?"

Mrs. Taylor nodded without speaking. At this moment, to her, silence was a lighter burden than speech.

Sister Joan Regius gave Ludie a St. Christopher medal. Then, walking beside the girl's mother, she moved to the doorway, with a pair of blue eyes following every move she made. Outside the door, the mother whispered that Ludie was under a doctor's care. Mr. Taylor had been sent for and in a few hours he would be here from Phoenix, Arizona. "But you shouldn't let Mr. Taylor catch you here, Ma'm. He hates religion. He hates all churches. If he saw the children at bible school, he'd use them up in a hurry. But he is mean from hard work, Ma'm, not from nature."

Sister Joan Regius went about her catechetical duties with her usual zeal, but she missed the pale face watching her every move. She missed the words that rang out like the golden lines of a litany, "My church girl, my church girl." But she worked hard at instructing the youngsters, and each evening, back in the convent, she read up on Hodgkin's disease.

Then Sister met Ludie's father. During one class period a big man strode into the house. Both nun and pupils stared in fright as the man's face flamed in rage and he shouted, "Religion, bible school, nothing will make my little girl better!" Then he threw something on the floor and rushed out of the doorway.

White with shock, Sister Joan Regius picked up the small object. It was the St. Christopher medal. With trembling hands, she pinned it carefully to her habit. Before the day was over, however, she received another and a far more terrible shock. A pupil, coming late to class, told her that Ludie Taylor had been taken to the county hospital that morning. Sister could hardly wait until class was over, and then she asked the other nun to drive her to the hospital. Here she learned that Ludie was undergoing a series of blood transfusions.

Twice a week, after class, the nun-companion drove Sister Joan Regius to the hospital. Each time the parents were in the girl's room. The mother greeted Sister with a warm handshake and feminine tears, but the father gazed stubbornly out the window. But Ludie's greeting was all that mattered, though. The girl would raise her blonde head from the pillow and reach out two transparently thin hands to her black-robed visitor. "My church girl, my church girl," she would murmur. "I'm fixing to get well and I'll be going to your bible school, won't I, Mama?" The

mother would nod through a mist of tears. "Won't I, Daddy?" But the father always refused to turn his head in her direction.

During her motor trips from the convent, Sister Joan Regius no longer gazed with smiling eyes upon the mountains and the carrot and artichoke fields. The rains were over and the hillside had turned to a lifeless brown. The fields were ugly with decaying vegetables and weeds. She looked straight ahead and her lips moved as her fingers touched her crucifix.

It might have been the blood transfusions or maybe the nun's semi-weekly visits, but Ludie's face began to take on some color and her eyes assumed a more healthy appearance. This was too good to last, however. One April day Sister began to instruct a new class in the catechism. She asked, "Why did God make us?" A small voice piped up with, "God made us to show forth His goodness and to share with us His everlasting happiness in heaven." Then the door opened and in rushed Mr. Taylor. Sister's hands trembled and her face whitened both at the man's appearance and at his words. "Ludie is dying!" he said hoarsely. "She is calling for you, Ma'm."

The other nun drove Mr. Taylor and Sister Joan Regius quickly to the hospital. Ludie's eyes were closed when Sister entered the hospital room. Because of the child's extreme pallor and her heavy breathing, Sister asked, "Has Ludie been baptized?"

Mr. Taylor looked at her. "No, Ma'm," he said. "We're immersion folks."

Sister Joan Regius called for water and at once baptized Ludie Taylor. The child opened her eyes. "My church girl, my church girl," she breathed. "When I get well, I'll be fixing to go to your bible school. Then I'll always be truly happy."

"Yes, you'll be very happy," agreed the nun. Gazing straight at Mr. Taylor, she took the St. Christopher medal from her habit and pinned it to the child's nightgown.

"Bless you, Ma'm," said Mr. Taylor and he turned to his sobbing wife.

Ludie Taylor died that evening.

Sister Joan Regius comes no more to our town. She was transferred back to Wisconsin, where there is a convent and church in every district. Each day, when the Angelus rings out its golden voice, she stops for a moment whatever she is doing. She listens, almost hearing the words, "My church girl, my church girl!"

# BOOKS

## THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

By Nicholas Monsarrat. 598 pages. \$4.95  
Sloane.

*The Tribe That Lost Its Head* reflects one of the explosive problems our century faces—the high voltage unrest that results when “democracy” is misinterpreted to a primitive colonial people.

Dinamaula is a young African chieftain fresh from Oxford. On his return to Pharamaul, an island off the African coast and a British possession, he is interviewed and later baldly misquoted by a practitioner of the yellow journalism that Monsarrat evidently considers one of White Man's heaviest burdens.

Monsarrat is again a skillful depicter of men: just as inept with his women characters. A Monsarrat female is as shallow as the ingenue in an average Victorian novel—and considerably less pleasant to read about.

*The Tribe That Lost Its Head* has a complex plot dexterously handled; vivid feeling for atmosphere—he it mud hut or the House of Commons—and a galaxy of sharply defined male portraits. Suspense and terror are evoked and excitement built up to make real adventure. The Americans in it are agreeably sympathetic, from the courtly consul at Pharamaul to the junketing millionaires who lend their yacht for the counterattack on the revolting—in every sense—U-Maula tribesmen.

Some readers may resent Mr. Monsarrat's strictly-from-Whitehall-Street viewpoint on colonial restlessness; more will object to his amoral attitude toward infractions of the Sixth Commandment and the disgustingly factual descriptions of native rituals and tortures.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

## UNDERSTANDING MINORITY GROUPS

By Joseph B. Gittler. 137 pages. \$3.25  
Wiley.

This is a collection of papers presented in 1955 at an Institute on Minority Groups in the United States, sponsored



N. Monsarrat

by the University of Rochester. Edited by Professor Joseph Gittler of that University's Department of Sociology, the compilation contains discussions of the problems confronting the American Indian, the American Jew, the Negro, the Japanese American, the American Catholic, and the Puerto Rican in the United States.

As can be seen from the above listing, the groups concerned are varied in type: some are singled out because of religion, some because of race, some because of nationality. All have in common the quality that they are minorities in a country which is supposedly dominated by a “majority” of white, Protestant, “Anglo-Saxons.” While some may take exception to such a sweeping statement, all will admit some elements of its truth. The articles differ in readability. Probably the most interesting to followers of this magazine will be “The American Catholic” by Father John LaFarge, S. J. Father LaFarge urges the necessity for “Catholic participation in civic community activities,” though he admits that this theory “has not as yet been fully developed.” He also emphasizes the duty of Catholics to heed the words of Pope Pius XII and “to overcome every vestige of nationalistic narrowness.” Father LaFarge believes he sees a trend in this direction. Let us hope he is correct.

## THE GREAT WORLD AND TIMOTHY COLT

By Louis Auchincloss. 285 pages. \$3.75  
Houghton Mifflin.

Motives, we so frequently hear, should not be questioned. Yet by weighing the motives of all his chief characters, Louis Auchincloss is able to give something of an extra dimension to his novels and short stories. A moralist of sorts, he labors on the one hand to point out the wrongs of his heroes and heroines, but on the other to condone their faults and foibles.

In this novel, Timothy Colt is a young, ambitious attorney with a large law firm. Belief in himself and dedica-



L. Auchincloss

tion to Sheffield, Knox & Dale are the two factors he knows will someday add up to a partnership. With the death of Mr. Knox, Timmy's longed-for day arrives. Almost too late does he become aware that too many compromises can destroy any man. His new way of life, however, seems to have pleasant compensations: wealth, social standing, and even illicit romance.

No doubt there is a certain amount of corruption in most professions, and this novel makes much of some highly unethical law deals: for while reeling out the rise and fall of Timothy Colt, the narrative focuses most sharply on the corruption in his firm. Lawyers in particular will be impressed with the code of honor Timothy Colt abandons only to grasp for again when his great world shatters.

A somewhat contrived denouement mars *The Great World and Timothy Colt*, but it is nonetheless mainly realistic and convincing. Interesting throughout, it is noteworthy for probing the viciousness and amorality of two “great worlds”—big business and high society.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

## THIS HALLOWED GROUND

By Bruce Catton. 437 pages. \$5.95  
Doubleday.

Civil War historian and Pulitzer Prize winner Catton is here concerned with the Union side of the conflict between the states, and particularly with the deeper meanings of the issues involved. His is a scholarly, readable, and fascinating probe of political cross-currents, military tactics, and the beginning of a long, tortured trek to equality by the former slaves.

Catton's analysis of the men who waged the war and worked to map out a just peace is as meaningful and direct as anything ever penned about them.

Sherman's vicious victory march through Georgia has seldom been so graphically sketched, nor have we had a more stirring visualization of war's end than Catton's passages about a candlelight procession as the Army of



B. Catton



the Potomac awaited demobilization.

The business of war, the tragedy of brother against brother, the cries of the wounded ringing through the night, and the grasping of peace by a tired nation are translated with stirring effect and clear analysis by a man who has given dates in the history books both scope and dimension.

JERRY COTTER.

## THE VOICE AT THE BACK DOOR

By Elizabeth Spencer. 334 pages.  
McGraw-Hill. \$3.95

*The Voice at the Back Door* describes the tensions between white and black in a small town in Mississippi. The Negro will never come by his rights except through the back door, the author is saying, and that may take centuries. Without turning to propaganda or special pleading, Miss Spencer demonstrates the fact that the two races could live amicably side by side were it not for the politicians, gangsters, and other interested parties who whip up prejudice for their own purposes.

Even worse than prejudice is the lawlessness, the readiness to blame the Negro for everything that happens. The Negro has to be resigned or to go into hiding and begin all over again. These sad faces, haunted by fear, are not easy to forget. The law, which is supposed to protect them, is too weak to contend with violence and hatred.

The plot is firmly textured and sound, the narrative moving forward through a mass of small scenes and incidents without being bogged down. The characterization, though superficial, is real. Duncan Harper, for instance, is an idealist; he believes in justice for all—and that includes the Negro. The author shows the sense of responsibility that lies at the basis of his personality. He is not playing with life nor trying to cover his own deficiencies by taking up the cause of the underdog; he is simply applying what he knows to the people he represents.

The atmosphere is heavy and tense, the counterpart of the situation. Every part of the narrative is driven forward by suspense. There are many interesting characters, and the scenes and incidents are real. The novel is a genuine literary achievement.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

## MAZZINI AND THE SECRET SOCIETIES

By E. E. Y. Hales. 226 pages.  
Kenedy. \$4.95

Not only was Giuseppe Mazzini the key figure in the *Risorgimento*, Italy's resurgence in the nineteenth century; his influence has continued to trouble Italian politics down to the present. It is

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安

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no wonder that this great Italian patriot and revolutionary has been the subject of numerous studies.

This book by a specialist in Italian history covers only the early part, what Mr. Hales calls "the creative, and in that sense the decisive part" of Mazzini's life. It was during this period that he was actively engaged in the work of the secret societies, when he served the "Carbonari," made "Young Italy," and tried to launch "Young Europe." The author's analysis of Mazzini's romantic personality during these formative years is a good example of historical scholarship and objectivity at its best. His closer view of the man suggests that Mazzini was even very human, a thought which escaped many of his earlier biographers.

With Mazzini, says Hales, politics were only a branch of religion. The book includes an interesting chapter in which the origin and growth of Mazzini's theological ideas are carefully traced. For traditional Christianity, writes Hales, "he substituted a religion of humanity in which the soul was ultimately responsible to a law progressively discovered by humanity, whose progress its first duty was to foster, through the nation."

Let us hope that Mr. Hales turns to the later period and completes what promises to be the definitive study of this hero of Italian history.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT ME

By Fred Allen.  
Little, Brown.

380 pages.  
\$5.00

Fred Allen's autobiographical jaunt through the scenes of his Boston youth and the years of his wanderings as a vaudeville juggler blend in an amusing, tartly penned tome. The accent is on the two-a-day, often four-or-five-a-day, as the young entertainer struggled from Boston's amateur night halls, halfway round the world to Brisbane, Australia.

Born John Florence Sullivan in 1894, the wry humorist worked in the days of vaudeville's glory, and his account of the hardships, the fun, and the insecurity of the life is highly interesting. A major flaw in the book is Allen's cursory attention to his private life—in fact, the book might appropriately have been called "Much Ado About Vaudeville."

Allen passed away before completing his reminiscences, and there is a slight gap between the end of this volume and the opening of *Treadmill to Oblivion*. Reading both offers additional proof that John Florence Sullivan was one of our greatest humorists and sharpest wits. Though you won't find it in either vol-



Fred Allen

ume, he was also one of the kindest individuals in show business and a fine Catholic gentleman.

JERRY COTTER.

## THE WORLD AT HOME

By Anne O'Hare McCormick.  
351 pages. Knopf.

\$4.50

A certain kind of literary snobbery employs the term *journalism* to describe an inferior and often slapdash kind of writing, but students of the genre know that it has produced writers of noble stature. Chesterton was proud to be known first and foremost as a journalist. And Anne O'Hare McCormick belonged in a sense to the Chestertonian school of journalism, for her writing reflected perception, astute interpretation, and compassion rather than straight reporting.

This volume is a collection of articles which appeared under Mrs. McCormick's byline in the *New York Times* between 1925 and 1945. The late distinguished newspaperwoman is here concerned with the political and social events that made up the American scene.

The pieces here reprinted include a perceptive defense of the United States Senate as a deliberative governing body, three significant articles on the struggle between industry and a "tenacious provincialism" in the South, isolated observations of Americana, and a generous amount of commentary on President Roosevelt and the New Deal administration. It is obvious that Roosevelt fascinated Mrs. McCormick, but she avoided mixing her personal prejudices in her work.

Mrs. McCormick had a definite feel for settings—for the backdrops against which the political or social dramas she reported were enacted. She is equally at home here in the hallowed halls of the legislature or the tradition-bound aristocratic circles of the deep south. Her wisdom, sensitivity, and love of people brought great distinction to what she wrote. Her work is as readable today as when it was written.

WILLIAM T. DARDEN.

## THE UNITED STATES AND THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

By F. Jay Taylor.  
Bookman.

288 pages.  
\$5.00

In his author's Preface, Professor Taylor declares that in the United States "the Spanish Civil War was one of this generation's most impassioned political and religious controversies. Catholics and Protestants, liberals and conservatives, rightists and leftists—all expressed clash-



Anne O'Hare McCormick



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ing views, championing either one or the other of the protagonists in Spain." No one, after reading *The United States and the Spanish Civil War*, will have the slightest doubt in which of these groups the author belongs. He definitely fits into the "liberal" category and gives almost unqualified support to the Spanish Republican government.

Claude Bowers, former American Ambassador to Spain, states categorically in his Introduction: "There was nothing in the Government of Azana (the Spanish Premier) that had the slightest relation to Communism." Mr. Taylor seems to concur in this belief as he concludes that United States policy in not assisting the Loyalists was "blind and tragic." By allowing the triumph of Franco, this country "created a den of Fascism which has continued to plague the body politic of Europe."

It is this reviewer's opinion that the story of the Spanish Civil War and of the attitude of the United States toward it is much more complicated than this book would lead one to believe. All truth and honor were not on one side nor all falsehood and villainy on the other. Professor Taylor has added little to our compassionate understanding of this historical tragedy by his highly tendentious account.

H. L. ROFINOT.

### THE TROUBLE WITH THE IRISH

Leonard Wibberley.  
Holt.

254 pages.  
\$3.00

Leonard Wibberley has had pleasant success with two books of light imaginative whimsy, most recently the delightful *The Mouse That Roared*. Evidently for greater promotional advantage, for this book he calls himself *Leonard Patrick O'Connor Wibberley* which may be either whimsy or decent Irish pride. If it is the latter, it is difficult to understand why he persistently calls himself Anglo-Irish when his mother was completely a Gael and his father, who in at least one instance sheltered an I.R.A. man "on the run," had also an Irish mother.

The point in this is that Mr. Wibberley has written a highly informal history of Ireland with the intention, he says, of being scrupulously unbiased. But a proper or four-part Irishman, as opposed to Mr. Wibberley's partitioned background, might properly ask: scrupulously unbiased on which side? On the whole, although there will be those on both the Irish and English sides who may cavil at it, he steers a fairly even course. As he says, the book is not a "history book." It is a sometimes witty, usually merry, but more often flippant account of the age-old struggle between Ireland and England. The title is mis-

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leading for it presumes a study of Irish character on the order of that of the existentialist Arland Ussher. And there is little or no comment on Ireland today. Indeed, by publisher's oversight, the book ends on the note that the Russian veto of Ireland in the U.N. is still in force.

It is a lighthearted book and, although Mr. Wibberley's historical commentary is advisedly superficial and whimsical, in his writing pattern at times he strikes, of his O'Connor blood, a deeper sympathetic note. However, it is hardly the book for the perfect literary gift to a member of the Ancient Order or the Clanna Gael.

DORAN HURLEY.

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR

By Emily Smith Warner. 320 pages.  
Doubleday. \$4.50

Few Horatio Alger heroes could approach Alfred Emmanuel Smith, who blazed a spectacular trail from Manhattan's lower East Side to the Governorship of his state, as candidate for the Presidency and one of the country's leading experts on government. Al never made the White House, but in dedication, ability, and knowledge, he far surpassed some who did.

This fascinating biography by his daughter is both revealing and heartwarming. Al was a great and dedicated public servant, but he was also a man who loved his family and his Church. His devotion to the Faith he lived by probably cost him the Presidency in a campaign which remains a scar on our political history.

According to his daughter, it was not the defeat itself which came as such a blow to the Governor. "Far more profound and far more bruising to his spirit . . . was the melancholy fact that many a vote had been cast not for his opponent but against him, on grounds quite unacceptable by those who fully grasp the meaning of America."

But his dismay was only temporary, for Al was truly a Happy Warrior, a man of great humanitarian instincts, brilliant political insights, and an uncanny grasp of governmental problems and ideals. Though his formal education ended in grammar school, Smith earned the admiration and respect of all for the character and the knowledge he brought to his lifetime of public service.

Emily Smith Warner could hardly be expected to write an objective study of her father. She has succeeded in sketching a man for whom victory was a challenge and defeat merely a greater challenge. Readable, entertaining, and informative, this is the sort of biography the Happy Warrior would have selected.

JERRY COTTER.

## JAMES, BY THE GRACE OF GOD

By Hugh Ross Williamson, 253 pages.  
Regnery. \$3.75

When James Stuart was an exile in Flanders, he followed his dead wife, Anne Hyde, into the Catholic Church. For this, seventeen years later he was driven from the English throne.

How King James II, through the ferocious treachery of his generals and courtiers and his own obstinate, poor judgment, lost his throne is the theme of this fine, concise historical novel.

The author calls it a novel but it appears a very convincing history of a revolution; a revolution that started with the birth of a baby boy. This little prince could ensure a Catholic dynasty in England, a prospect appalling to Anglican prelates and peers and infuriating to the husband of James' eldest daughter, Mary.

James emerges in the book as heroically devout, a rather slow-witted, brave soldier, a loving friend and father, and a tool as well as defender of the Divine Right of Kings. One most significant scene shows Princess Mary imploring her father to prevent her marriage to the vicious Prince of Orange. James, obeying his brother, King Charles, refused. Years later, it was Mary's husband who turned James out of his kingdom.

In poignant contrast to the pack of smiling traitors that hemmed James in, shines the fidelity of the two closest to him—his young, second wife, Mary Beatrice, and his bastard son, James Duke of Berwick. Williamson's portrayal of Berwick's anxious loyalty to his stubborn, deluded father is a small jewel.

In our century of Anschlusses and quislings, the story of how, in 1688, an English king was cast out by his own people is moving reading. If the sour truth about the so-called Glorious and Bloodless Revolution is ever to be generally accepted, Hugh Ross Williamson's *James, By the Grace of God* is the book to make it so.

CLORINDA CLARKE

## FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE TRIUMPH

By Frank Freidel. 433 pages.  
Little, Brown. \$6.00

Although only a little more than ten years have passed since his death, Franklin Roosevelt has already been the subject of almost innumerable critical and biographical studies. Among all of these the future will undoubtedly give a high place to Professor Frank Freidel's multi-volume series.

*Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Triumph*, the third of this series to appear, covers the years from Roosevelt's first inauguration as Governor of New York in 1929



until his election to the office of President of the United States in November, 1932. This was, of course, one of the very crucial periods of FDR's political career. Not only was it necessary to prove himself on his own merits as Governor of the Empire state, he must also surpass or at least equal the accomplishments of his distinguished predecessor in that position, Alfred E. Smith. Not only was it necessary for him to attain a national influence in his party, he also had to face local corruption and dissension in the Democratic organization of his own state. In addition, Roosevelt was faced with the continuing issue of Prohibition and the newly arisen difficulties of the great depression.

How the Governor and his advisers handled each of these questions makes up the principal theme of this study. The events themselves have such inherent drama that it is not necessary for the author to heighten them in order to hold the reader's interest. Instead Mr. Freidel is detached, unemotional, and sometimes, to use one of his apparently favorite adjectives, "Olympian." The result is that we learn a great deal about Franklin Roosevelt the politician and administrator but much less about Franklin Roosevelt the man.

H. L. ROFINOT.

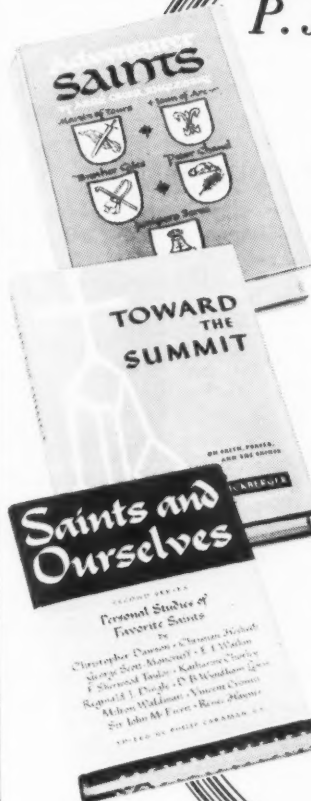
## THE SOUTH AND THE WEST OF IT

By Oriana Atkinson. 303 pages. Random House. \$1.00

The tilt of the title more or less indicates its subhead: Ireland and Me. It sets out to be as blithe and ebullient an account of an Irish vacation as Mrs. Atkinson's stay in Moscow, which with sublime impertinence she called *Over at Uncle Joe's*. It is evident that from her preconceived ideas about Ireland and the Irish she might well have been ready to call this often engaging travelogue: *Over at Uncle Pat's*. But one of the most interesting facets of the book is Mrs. Atkinson's bafflement by the Irish in Ireland. Time and again they held her at a distance, with a gentle, dignified reserve that quite puzzled her. She admits ruefully that the Irish personality "never became crystal clear"; and that while after a year in Russia she felt she had a fair idea of what made the Russian people "tick," ten years of life in Ireland would put her no further forward in understanding the Irish.

It is rather shrewd observations like this that give the book point, for her tourist round was uninspired—Killarney, Blarney, and Galway and Dublin. She loved the country, as did her companion the retired actress, Marie Doro; and inasmuch as they permitted her to do so she liked and admired the people.

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### THE HAPPY WARRIOR

by Emily Smith Warner. Now the story of the man who lost the presidency only to win the affection of all America—Al Smith—is told from the intimate viewpoint of his daughter. How he worked for better government... how he acted as husband and father... how he fought anti-Catholic bigotry and stood for decency... is all in this full-length portrait of a great American. DOUBLEDAY \$4.50

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by John Tracy Ellis. A provocative study of Catholic American intellectualism. HANOVER HOUSE \$1.25

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Only occasionally does Mrs. Atkinson slip behind the façade of the country. She is much too much at the mercy of the Irish Tourist Bureau, whose zeal to show off Dublin's *haute couture*, bloodstock farms, breweries, distilleries, and handloomed tweed factories are not her writing dish of tea. It is when she is most herself and on her own that Mrs. Atkinson moves through the fair with greatest grace and charm.

DORAN HURLEY.

### WINTER QUARTERS

By Alfred Duggan.  
Coward-McCann.

284 pages.  
\$3.75

While Caesar's Army wins glory in Gaul, two noble Gallic warriors, fleeing from the wrath of an evil goddess, believe their best escape lies in enlistment as cavalymen. Later they join the Army of Marcus Crassus to plunder Seleucia in the East. Hardy men of high physical and moral standards fight with Caesar, but the soldiers of Crassus are devoted to luxurious living, lust, and avarice. Camul and his friend Acco must share their expected defeat by the Parthians in the desert. This summarizes briefly *Winter Quarters*, an account of Roman life and warfare interpreted by a Gaul.

The two friends inquire whether their goddess has power over them in each city they visit. Acco is more concerned because of his "crime" of killing her favorite bear, and his own serious, inquiring nature. Camul is the voice of the author analyzing Roman customs in an impartial and strangely modern way. For this reason he never develops a personality of his own as much as Acco. For him, there is no problem, no struggle; he is just along for the ride and doesn't care much about the outcome. Consequently, there is little except the Roman Army and the cities along its path to hold the reader's interest, and we conclude that *Winter Quarters* is really fictionalized commentary rather than a novel. Only the sad little incident about Acco's betrothed Berenice makes an impression story-wise. If you are partial to this particular period of history, this is for you; if not, it will at least while away a few hours.

PAULA BOWES.



Alfred Duggan

### SHORT NOTICES

AN INQUIRY INTO SOVIET MENTALITY. By Gerhart Niemeyer. 113 pages. Praeger. \$2.75. Soviet mentality displays a vague rhythm which alternates

from smiles to sneers and from cajoling friendliness to acts of war. But what is its controlling idea? What is the constant focus which determines its pulse and direction? Author Niemeyer sees this principle in the essentially irrational goal of practical Marxism—the creation of a maximum of disorder in all capitalistic states in the expectation that destiny will cause the wreckage to settle finally into a Communistic pattern. This insane theory violates every concept of social efficiency which the free world entertains. But while the theory is insane, Communists implement it with highly rational and ingenious tactics. Niemeyer's thesis is that the basic requirement for following the devious trail of Soviet intrigue is to learn to think with deliberately controlled irrationality. Any other method is too rational and, therefore, fatally incorrect. He makes this thesis look very cogent. An important book for the student of Communist psychology.

TALKS TO YOUTH AND OCCASIONAL SERMONS. By the Most Reverend John Mark Gannon. 182 pages. Dept. of Education, Diocese of Erie. The first half of this collection contains three-minute talks addressed to the students of Cathedral Preparatory School in Erie; the second half contains occasional sermons preached by Archbishop Gannon. The "Talks to Youth" show Archbishop Gannon's ability to take a common, apparently insignificant fact and use it to illustrate a moral lesson in a style that is interesting to young men. One is tempted to call the Archbishop's style "urbane"; but that implies a distance from the common man that is not present in these sermons. "Polished" is a better word: for here are sermons dealing with the things people are familiar with and interested in, written by one who writes carefully and well.

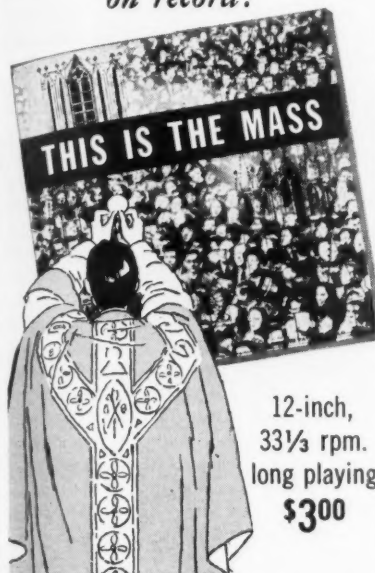
THE DONKEY WHO ALWAYS COMPLAINED. By Francis Beauchesne Thornton. 140 pages. Kenedy. \$2.75. Father Thornton creates a parable for moderns in this brief tale of the life of Christ—seen through the eyes of the donkey who always complained.

Bali is the stubborn little donkey whose constant complaint was her inability to return to Nazareth, home of her mother. When the beasts gathered in the corral at night she relates the glowing story of Christ's birth and the flight into Egypt. She tells, too, of the part her mother, Altair, played. Altair was the donkey who transported the Wondrous Babe.

The story is bright with lavish imagery. The scene of Christ's birth is the acme of spell-binding, poetic prose. His Crucifixion is an equally commanding bit of writing.

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Children should enjoy this little volume and adults will appreciate its rich, vivid language.

**A DICTIONARY OF MARY.** By Donald Attwater. 312 pages. Kenedy. \$6.50. It would be hard to find some item of Marian interest not dealt with in this book. Shrines, feasts, images, devotions, liturgies, terminology, and theology are all attractively and accurately treated.

As the author explains, it is not his purpose to delve deeply. This is a work briefly answering what a particular phrase or name "is all about." Thus, for instance, many details of theology are left out. The popular summaries of such doctrines as the Immaculate Conception or Co-Redemption are superb.

It is too bad that Mr. Attwater did not include bibliographical notes with each entry. This alone prevents his work from classing as an instrument of research and scholarship as well as a useful source of information.

**THE CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT ON RACE RELATIONS.** By John LaFarge, S. J. 190 pages. Hanover House. \$2.95. Father LaFarge has brought to this work the balanced judgment of a lifetime's experience in racial relations. He states the problem, the Catholic record in meeting it, the principles that should govern its solution, and the means of applying those principles.

Those seeking a brief but complete treatment of the racial question from a Catholic viewpoint will find here a ready reference. Teachers, priests, and others will want to underline many passages for use in talks of their own.

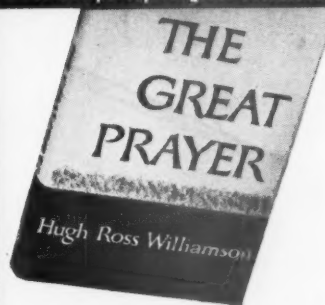
The only drawback to the book is a lack of close organization. Explanations of the racial difficulty, principles, and solutions are intertwined within general headings and with some repetition. But it is all valuable and stands repeating.

**POSTED MISSING.** By Alan Villiers. 310 pages. Scribner's. \$4.75. This is an unusual nonfictional idea, which fascinates because of the author's expert knowledge of his field. It is the story of various ships which have disappeared on the high seas during the last thirty years—ships ranging in size from the 20,000-ton "Sao Paulo" to the one-man raft of Captain Slocum.

What happened to these ships? Why did they disappear? These are the questions which Mr. Villiers attempts to answer. Since he is an ex-sailing master himself, with an intricate knowledge of nautical life, he succeeds in endowing his book with the absorbing atmosphere of the sea and the suspense of a good mystery story. The book, complete with maps, photographs, and diagrams, is a well-edited, unique, and very enjoyable publishing venture.

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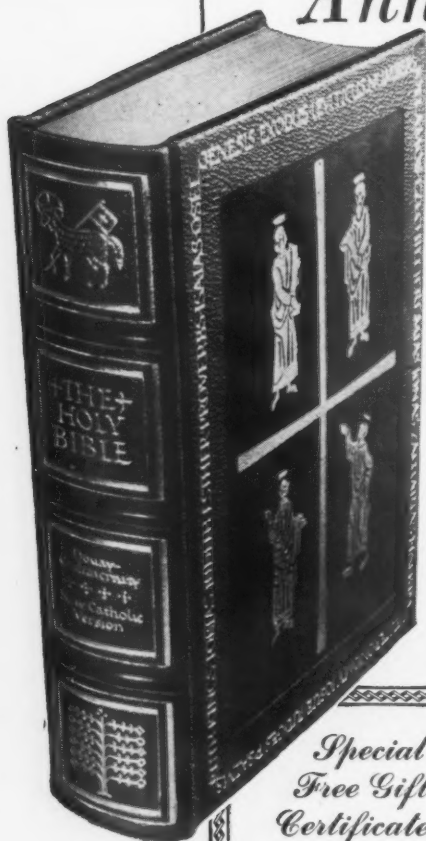
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## HOW'S YOUR MUSICAL I. Q.

(Continued from page 25)

venerable, historical stuff which is being exported by this country to European centers where America is known as the true source of it—commands the attention and respect of thousands of professional musicians outside the ranks of those who make their living digging it. To be sure, there are plenty more who can live without it forever. But if you have a steady hankering after jazz, don't let it work you into a psychosis. It is supposed to do just the opposite.

Just don't let it fool you into thinking that you are moving into the wide brackets of "great" music lovers.

Speaking again of Victor Herbert, the world has been singing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and the *Italian Street Song* for a solid three generations and right now it looks as if their popularity was about to burst out all over again. There was a man whose broadsides in the world of operetta and light opera led directly to our own current Broadway musicals. Herbert's phenomenal popularity in this field has gradually obscured the fact that he was one of the greatest musicians of his day.

Did you know, for instance, that Victor Herbert was first cellist of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra? (His wife was the first woman ever to sing the role of "Aida" there.) Did you know that he was conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra for nearly a decade of great concerts? That he was one of the founders of ASCAP, the American Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers? Some time you must read the dramatic story of Herbert's lawsuit, carried right up to the Supreme Court and an Oliver Wendell Holmes decision, to establish the principle that a composer should be paid a royalty for his music if it was played or sung in public.

"Good music" from the Herberts, the Strausses, the Porters and Rodgers, is music coming from the pens of men who know the arts and sciences of music. If you have been going around for years saying, "Well I don't know a thing about music—I wish I did, but I do like Rodgers and Hammerstein, and the music from *Porgy and Bess*, and Viennese waltzes," STOP!

That is, stop saying you don't know anything about music. You know enough to know that you like some of the world's best music. If you would like to add to your stock of good music there is a limitless amount from which to draw. Building on a foundation based on a line running from Vienna to Oklahoma, the man who has that kind of good music in his soul and is moved by those concords of sweet sounds is in no danger of treasons, stratagems, and spoils. He's doing all right.



## PAKISTAN

(Continued from page 36)

powdered milk, 3,000,000 pounds of butter oil, 50,000 pounds of cheese, 400,000 pounds of shortening, were distributed through 230 centers. In addition, clothing valued at \$50,000 was given to persons who seldom donned more than hand-me-down rags before such assistance was provided by the National Catholic Welfare Council's War Relief Services.

One of the most thorough-going studies of such relief was made recently by the Reverend Alfred A. Schneider, chief representative of the N.C.W.C. WRS for Pakistan and the Middle East. According to Father Schneider, who foresaw the overall program expanding during the next few years, 45,000 students, half of them non-Christians, attend 453 schools conducted by Catholic missionaries in the eight dioceses of Pakistan.

While a reported majority of the Catholic converts come from lower class Moslems, the educational opportunities for all Pakistanis to attend Catholic schools is attracting the intelligentsia and, at the same time, they are beginning to knock down a long-standing wall of bitter and frustrating prejudice against Catholicism. This bias was generated by a fanatical fringe of the Nul-lahs (the lay "priests" of Islam) who exerted widespread influence among illiterates through their self-acknowledged religious importance and their claim to an ability at interpreting the Koran, the Moslem bible.

Parish priests see the school program as one of the most effective opening wedges to propagating the faith. Public schools have a difficult time maintaining standards of teaching that even approach the system of education brought in by Catholics. The continuing low literacy rate is attributable for the most part to the fact that the young state of Pakistan, born nine years ago of partition of predominantly Hindu India, has virtually no foreign exchange available for textbooks and not enough local currency to pay salaries that would attract professionally-trained teachers. Here, too, there is a dearth of qualified educators.

Before leaving Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, recently, I stopped by the church of the tune-humming priest, Father Badgaard wasn't sitting on the step. He was inside, near an unused operating table that stood on the epistle side of the altar. Facing him in the church-dispensary-warehouse there was a choir of sixteen boys and nineteen girls rehearsing "Lord, What a Lovely Spot It Is." A broken-screen window gave me a clear view of the scene, and then I felt the meaning of the hymn. It was a lovely spot—even though it was just behind the slaughterhouse.

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By Mary Purcell—An eminently readable biography that will stand as one of the best lives of Ignatius written to date. Here is hagiography at its very top-flight form: a remarkably good book about a remarkably great saint. Late November \$5.00

### St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles

By Justo Perez de Urbel, O.S.B., translated by Paul Barrett, O.F.M.Cap.—Out of an expert knowledge of classical antiquity, Catholic theology, and a deep love for his subject, the author presents a skillful portrait of St. Paul the man, the saint, the theologian, the writer and the missionary. Shortly \$5.00

### The Protestant Churches in America

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# Christmas and Children's Books

by ANNE THAXTER EATON

"YES, we have television," said Jeannie, a wide-awake high school girl, but I don't pay much attention to it. I don't mind the music, for then I can read, but the stories—just one long life of trouble!" Luckily for her, Jeannie has discovered how much wider avenues of pleasure books can open for her. It cannot be denied, of course, that when a wise selection is made the TV screen can provide both pleasure and profit for boys and girls; it is nevertheless a fortunate household in which TV does not supersede reading. It is during childhood that boys and girls become at home in the Kingdom of Books, finding as time goes on countless roads of independent enjoyment opening before them, since, of all pleasures, reading is the most independent and individual. "My books!" said a two-year-old when asked what books he liked best. A reply that with its pride of possession indicated a confirmed lover and reader of books in the future.

## For the Youngest Boys and Girls

Cars and trucks are dear to little boys; as one young mother said, "Anything on wheels!" In *ABC of Cars and Trucks*, Anne Anderson, using rhymed couplets, has put together a fine selection of twenty-six motor vehicles, from auto-trailer to zone truck (*Doubleday \$2.50*). For the train lovers, and there are some even in this motorized age, there is *Whistle for the Train* by Golden MacDonald (pen name for Margaret Wise Brown) with lovely pictures by Leonard Weisgard in soft blue, gray, and black. We see the train vanish down the track, the animals and children who start to cross and are warned by the whistle, the bridge opening for a tugboat. There is a rhythmic text reminiscent of the author's *Two Little Trains* (*Doubleday \$2.50*). Fire engines have a fascination for children, and in *Mr. Ferguson of the Fire Department* by Ellen MacGregor, illustrated by Paul Galdone (*Whittlesey \$2.00*), they will enjoy the goings on in a firehouse when little Mr. Ferguson, the cook, too small to keep up with the others, thinks of a pole for them all to slide down. The pole, however, works both ways and firemen, Mr. Ferguson, and the firehouse dog find themselves at the top of the pole, a situation confusing to the firemen but much enjoyed by child readers. It is a pleasure to find



Mr. Penny and his animals again in the new book by Marie Hall Ets, *Mr. Penny's Race Horse* (*Viking \$2.00*). All the animals but Limpy the horse are in the Fair. However, Limpy's hour of triumph comes: for when the other animals get into mischief, it is Limpy who saves the day. He runs on the race track after all and earns enough to settle for the damage and also to pay for the ride on the Ferris Wheel for which they all long. Mrs. Ets's drawings have the same humor and action which were a delight in *Mr. Penny*.

## For Slightly Older Children

In Sally Scott's latest book for beginning readers, *The Brand New Kitten* (*Harcourt \$2.25*), Peggy was sadly puzzled: how was she to introduce a charming new and longed-for kitten into a household where Old Eb, a fine rat catcher but a bad-tempered cat, reigned supreme? She solved her problem kindly. She didn't want Old Eb to be unhappy but then she thought of Old Man Pratt, as cross-grained as Old Eb, who needed a rat catcher, and Peggy's inspiration proved to be the solution. Gillespie and the Guards by Benjamin Elkin (*Viking \$2.50*) is a tall tale for the younger readers. The king of a far away country boasted that his guards had the sharpest eyes in the world and announced that anyone who could fool them would win a gold medal set with diamonds. No one could, until Gillespie with his little red wagon came along. What happened then makes a fine ending to an amusing tale, made the more so by James Daugherty's vigorous drawings. *The Fairy Doll* by Rumer Godden (*Viking \$2.50*) is about Elizabeth, who in a family of four was the slow one, the clumsy one, who couldn't learn the multiplication table, or read very well, or even learn to ride her bicycle. Great-Grandmother said she needed a good fairy

and she was given the silvery little doll from the top of the Christmas Tree. How Fairy Doll worked a change, how Elizabeth discovered that she could become a capable child, could only have been written by an author as sensitive and as wise in the ways of children as Rumer Godden. Lovely drawings by Adrienne Adams show the children, sturdy and lively, and the delicate loveliness of Fairy Doll's little world. In *Whitey Ropes and Rides* by Glen Rounds (*Holiday \$2.25*) Whitey plans hopefully with his cousin Josie (though she is a girl, she can do most of the things Whitey can and is respectful to him about the few things she can't and so is accepted) to go to the rodeo at Cheyenne and try for the prize in the call-roping contest. Agreed that they must practice, they try roping their pet grown-up calf with disastrous results, since he does not remember them. They did not give up, and since no young animals on the ranch seemed likely to have any peace, Uncle Torwal rigged up a contraption called the Lone Tree Killer. A "western" that will be easily read and much enjoyed by the seven to ten-year-olds. Illustrated with the author's own lively drawings.

## For the Nine to Twelve Year Olds

*Cousins* by Evan Commager (*Harper \$2.75*) is an achievement. Seldom has an author succeeded in getting such real children between the covers of a book. Their plans and games and imaginings—there was always plenty of imagination where Margaret Kendall was concerned and she pulled her more matter-of-fact cousin Debbie along with her—were sometimes mischievous, but there were fine family standards and the children were loyal. Bill, the "practical" cousin who came to live with the Kendalls, was of the same stamp. The author's delightful sense of humor pervades the book, and the pictures by N. M. Bodecker are gay and charming. *Emmy Keeps a Promise* by Madye Lee Chastain (*Harcourt \$2.75*) takes the reader to New York in the 1850's where Arabel Thatcher comes to teach in Mrs. Fenwick's School for Young Ladies and Emmy, her young sister, comes to keep her company. New York is thrilling to the girls and the excitement of life in the city carries them through the difficulties of hard

work, very little money, and an uncomfortable boardinghouse. How Emmy kept her promise to Aunt Hannah and the touch of romance at the end will be highly satisfactory to girl readers. **Longhorn** by Bruce Grant (*World* \$2.75) tells how a boy, too young to join the Texas Rangers, rides the Chisholm Trail with a herd from the best ranch in Gonzalez County. He makes the acquaintance of El Diablo, the big red steer whose temperament matched his name, and became friends with the young Mexican who had raised him. How danger from a buffalo herd, from Indians, and from treachery within the outfit is avoided, El Diablo acquitting himself well, makes an exciting story full of the flavor of the Old West. To the great satisfaction of the boys and also of the reader, El Diablo is not sold but kept as a future leader of the herd.

#### For Readers Twelve and Up

In **Stand to Horse** (Harcourt \$3.00) André Norton describes the patrolling of the great territory in the Southwest that was added to the U.S. after the Mexican War, by a force underpaid, poor in supplies, and far too small for the territory they had to cover. The soldiers were a mixed lot, but they were not an ignorant army. In regimental histories, small privately printed books, and historical journals, can be found letters and diaries of these men; not only officers but privates kept accounts of their daily lives, raids, and forays, and the author has based her story on these actual experiences. The fortitude of these men, their feats of endurance when half-starved, without water for days and under constant threat of Indian ambushes, though all but incredible, are true. In **Blow Bugles Blow** (Longmans \$3.00) Merritt Parmelee Allen has drawn a likable young hero and, in telling of his adventures as he served under General Sheridan, describes vividly that remarkable man and his wonderful horse Rienzi. Rick, who enjoyed the sound of bugles, loved horses, and was delighted to have one of his own, learns from Ocean Pond, the middle-aged hostler, who proves to be other than he seems, the real tragedy of what is going on. Battles and maneuvers are seen through the eyes of a boy, including the last desperate race with Lee's forces that ended the War. The reader is left with a realization of the respect which brave enemies have for one another and an unforgettable picture of Little Phil, excitable, omnipresent, indefatigable, and adored by his men. In **Blueberry Summer** by Elizabeth Ogilvie (*Whitelsey* \$2.50) day-dreaming Cass has to give up her plan to be a waitress at a summer resort to stay at home, in her mother's necessary absence, to keep house, tend the blueberry crop, and look

after her eight-year-old brother Peter. It was in no happy mood that Cass assumed her responsibilities. But a friendship with a kindly, sensible, young medical student, with a sense of humor, helps to brighten the days and Cass finds herself able to cope with the domestic crises. The book ends with the suggestion of a growing romance between Cass, now a happier, more mature girl, and Adam Ross, the medical student.

#### Fun and Fantasy

You would hardly expect a witch to be late for an important witch-meeting on Hallowe'en, but in **The Blue-Nosed Witch** by Margaret Embry (*Holiday* \$2.00) Blanche, a young witch, scatter-brained and careless, was likely to be just that. So for safety's sake she set an alarm clock; but one of her friends had done the same thing for her. As a result Blanche was awakened much too early and found herself in the midst of a group of children playing trick or treat. With her remarkable, blue, luminous nose, which she can turn on and off, she is naturally a great success. An amusing story told with a straight face. The pictures by Carl Rose are in the mischievous spirit of the tale. In **Thomas** (Sheed and Ward \$2.75) by Mary Harris, Frances went to Miss Stitch to have her first Communion dress fitted and, while waiting in the stuffy Victorian parlor, she talked to Lynette, the bird, and Thomas, surely one of the most individ-



ual cats in history. You could not patronize him, but he and Frances understood one another. For all his threats of what he would do to Lynette were she out of the cage, he helped Frances when she yielded to temptation and set the bird free. After that it seemed fitting that Thomas should find a new home with Frances. A fascinating tale with undertones of meaning and stunning drawings by Cliff Roberts. The many children who enjoyed **The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet** by Eleanor Cameron will welcome a second book about David, Chuck, and Mr. Bass. In **Stowaway to the Mushroom Planet** the boys make a second trip to Basidium with Mr. Theo Bass.

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## The World Around Us

In *Stars By Clock and Fist* (Viking \$4.00) Henry M. Neeley, a demonstrator in the Hayden Planetarium, presents his proven method, by clock and fist, of star identification. The imaginary clock, which serves as a compass, is thought of as lying on the ground; the amateur astronomer, by stationing himself in the center, using his fist as a sextant, and consulting the sky maps, star lists, and time tables provided, will be able to locate stars, planets, and constellations. For a star-minded family there could be no better book. In *The Story of Caves* (Doubleday \$2.75) Dorothy Sterling tells of caves the world over; how they are formed, the rare creatures found living in them, the strange and beautiful formations. *The Complete Handbook of Space Travel* by Albro Gaul (World \$4.95) is a handbook for prospective space traveler. Exciting drawings by Virgil Finlay and a portfolio of space ships imagined.

## Poetry, Religion and Christmas

In *Stories from Shakespeare* (World \$3.75), Marchette Chute has retold in fresh, twentieth-century language all the plays from the First Folio. The plots are crystal clear, the characters individualized. An introduction sets the stage by describing the theater for which Shakespeare wrote. Nothing is more contagious than enthusiasm, and Marchette Chute seems to be saying, "Shakespeare is fun, come and let me show you!" Sir Herbert Read, an English poet, has put together in *This Way, Delight; a Book of Poetry for the Young* (Pantheon \$3.00), a fresh and lovely collection of poems. Poetry he says should be a deep delight and the child turning the pages of this beautifully made book is likely to find it so. There is something for every taste; along with the Elizabethans here is Gerard Manley Hopkins, Walter de la Mare, Cummings, Robert Frost, and Rudyard Kipling.

One of the most appealing books of the year is *Stories from the Old Testament* by Pict Worm. (Sheed and Ward \$3.00) The author, a well-known Dutch artist and architect, has made his own thoroughly delightful pictures. The stories cover the whole of the Book of Genesis: the Creation of the World, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah's Ark and the Flood, The Tower of Babel, Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his Brethren. The



stories, retold with accuracy and dignity, give the reader a vivid sense of life in Old Testament days. The pictures are in strong, rich color, with much gold. "I understood the necessity to use gold," the author-artist writes, "because the language is like gold." A book pleasant to hold in the hand, sure to appeal to children, it will make an ideal Christmas gift. In *Shrines of Our Lady* (Sheed and Ward \$2.75), Sister Mary Jean Dorcy describes forty-eight Shrines of Our Lady all over the world, in Europe, Africa, South America, the United States, and the Far East with the legends that belong to them. Some of the shrines, like "Our Lady of the Pillar" in Saragossa, are very ancient, while in the New World "Our Lady of Zapopan" rides to processions in a blue Cadillac. Inside the Ark by Caryl Houselander (Sheed and Ward \$2.50) contains twelve short stories about children and animals at different times and places. One of the most engaging is about Kathleen, who decided to give her friend Mr. Oates to God as a First Communion present. All teach a lesson without preaching.

In *Christmas on the Mayflower* (Coward-McCann \$2.50), Wilma Outchford Hays tells how Christmas was celebrated on the ship in spite of the angry crew, who wanted to land the Pilgrims and sail back at once to England. And this they would have done had it not been for Captain Jones. The people are real, the story fiction, based on facts found in William Bradford's Diary and other records. Captain Jones, not a pleasing character, deserves at least the credit given him here for bidding all, crew and Pilgrims alike, to forget their quarrels and sit down to Christmas dinner together. In *Plum Pudding for Christmas* (Scribner \$2.50), Virginia Kahl tells a rollicking story in rhyme, illustrating it with irresistible drawings, about the Duchess and her thirteen daughters preparing to celebrate Christmas in the Castle. The Duke was away at war, but the Duchess invited the King, who was pleased to accept, provided there would be a plum pudding. Soon all was bustle in the kitchen (with the thirteen children all trying to help) and, alas, when it was time to add the plums, Gunhilde, the youngest, had eaten them all. But the Duke returns in the nick of time, and strangely enough the spoil he brings back is a sack full of plums. The King was delighted and they all agreed:

"That a Christmas like this is what all people need  
For everyone knows that when Christmas time comes,  
There should always be pudding with plenty of plums,  
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So that each bumpy plum is a plum that is plump."

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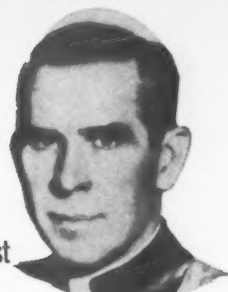
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**LETTERS**  
 (Continued from page 3)

philosophy cannot be followed without eventually causing our great nation to become subservient to world government. Who will have more to say in world government than Soviet Russia and Communism? Does she not now hold the veto power in that evil embryo of world government, the United Nations?

You would consider it sinful if a Catholic did not do all in his power to preserve his faith, a gift of God. You would consider it sinful if a Catholic allowed evil companions to influence his children, gifts of God. And you would be right.

Yet, you censure those who are carrying out their obligations to preserve our individual liberty and freedom, gifts of God . . . those who seek to prevent the internationalists' evil influence on our national sovereignty, a gift of God. . . . A true thinking Catholic need not, should not be, what you think he is.

WILLIAM W. WOLF, JR.  
 MANITOWOC, WIS.

The editorial, "The Thinking Catholic" in the October issue is one of the finest documents I have read. It belongs in a frame on every living-room wall.

JIM BISHOP  
 SEA BRIGHT, N. J.

**LATIN AMERICAN CATHOLICISM**

In his September article on Latin American Catholicism, Father Nevins, M.M., states on page 67, "The majority of its (Brazil's) people live in rural and jungle areas . . . in the rural areas religion is dying."

This revelation patently contradicts an article in the *World Mission* (Summer Edition, page 207, "Brazil's Hinterland") that states, . . . almost 90 per cent of the population live on the coast, leaving three-quarters of the country for something like 5,000,000 people."

If the Church is dying in Brazil, as it admittedly is, where is the *rigor mortis* showing? If it's in the interior, where the majority live, it's due to lack of priests. If it's in the city, where the 90 per cent live, it could be due to real shortage of priests as such, for most of them are concentrated in the populated seaboard areas.

Two experts are in grievous and somewhat irresponsible disagreement, don't you think?

THOMAS ROWAN, C.S.S.R.  
 NORTH EAST, PA.

The following is Fr. Nevins' answer to the question raised by Fr. Rowan:

There is no contradiction between the September article in *THE SIGN* and *World Mission*. While 90 per cent of the population live on the coast, most of this area is rural. Except for Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo and a few smaller cities, the rest of the coastal population is completely ruralized.

Father Rowan is quite wrong in presuming that 90 per cent of the people live in cities. The jungle area, of course is very sparsely settled. Brazil is a tremend-

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ous country as the wonderful missionaries from his own society well know.

FATHER ALBERT J. NEVINS  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

#### HAITI

We have just received the October issue of your magazine and, having spent six wonderful years in Haiti as a diocesan missionary, I was very pleased to see your article on this country. The cover picture is very good and fills me with nostalgia for the "Pearl of the Caribbean" where all are quite childlike in their ways, sometimes exasperatingly so, but so much more often, I believe, to the delight of our common Father.

There was, however, one grave error, in naming the Archbishop of Port-au-Prince, who is Msgr. François Poirier (and not Ducaud-Bourget), born at Néant-sur-Yvel (diocese of Vannes, France) on the 24th of Nov., 1904, named Archbishop on the 3rd of July, 1955, and who took possession of his See (and was consecrated) on the 20th of November, 1955. (Shame on a Catholic Magazine!).

REV. NORMAND VARIERU  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Shame indeed! Fr. Varieru is correct. The SIGN apologizes to Archbishop Poirier and to its readers.

#### HANDY MA'AM

In the article entitled "U.N. Handy Ma'am," (October), Catherine Schaefer, of the National Catholic Welfare Conference office for U.N. affairs in New York, says "I think we are rapidly learning that we hide our heads in isolationist sands at our own peril as a people."

Did Catherine Schaefer, by any chance, read the Hearings on the United Nations conducted by the Congress of the United States of America?

The hearings are not classified in the Food and Agricultural Organization; however, they are food for thought.

MISS MARY YOUNGWORTH  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

#### SUCCESSFUL MOTHERHOOD

... Articles like "Obstacles to Successful Motherhood" (October) do not, in the opinion of myself and my married daughters, give us a Catholic and charitable view.

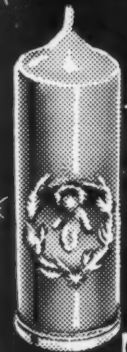
For instance, the forty-year-old mother, working, and with the sullen, unhappy daughter. No helpful sympathy, apparently, for the "tired" mother? No Christ-like encouragement? No direction to daughter, from anyone, in how to help mother, with a little sympathy, at least? And so, Mother is all wrong and to blame if daughter does not become a wife and mother. . . .

I don't think I shall renew my subscription, and in some ways I shall miss THE SIGN very much.

MRS. ELLEN RIGAN  
LYNN, MASS.

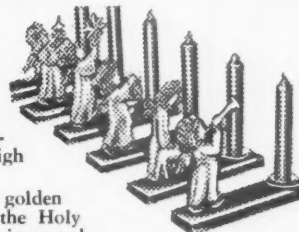
I want to express my personal appreciation and that of my colleague, Doctor Lathbury, for the very fine coverage you gave our new book, *Their Mothers' Daughters*.

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lic mothers and grown-up daughters will want to read the book.

EDWARD A. STRECKER, M.D.

PHILA., PA.

## REWARD FOR "REWARD"

I'm an uncle who visits once in a while, usually just part of a day. I would be saddened to learn that I was considered even somewhat miserly. On the other hand, I would deny with vigor any intimation of profligate generosity as being descriptive of me. Finally, I hope you won't consider me egotistical for wanting to commend Peter Casey for his "Reward," the box on page 68 of October's issue of THE SIGN.

It was one of the most weighty anecdotes I've come across, had the essential characteristics of a true joke. It reminded me, in fact, of times when nieces and nephews have poked around when I've been working at my desk which serves as something of a catch-all. . . .

Thanks for the laugh.

DREW DEACON

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## THE KING'S ENGLISH

In the October issue of THE SIGN, an article called "The King's English" by Wilfrid Sheel was—for a Catholic magazine—in very bad taste. He says that for Americans traveling in England (which should be Britain) "A good English phrase book is needed for Americans."

Let me assure your readers that an American can travel the length and breadth of the British Isles without a phrase book in his pocket. (I have spent over thirty years in Britain).

The American will find a few phrases which naturally he is unaccustomed to. Remember the British people are used to meeting Americans. Now for the ungrammatical terms he encountered they are nothing to compare with what can be found in the U.S.A.

I advise him to go and listen to the people speaking in Brooklyn or Alabama or Tennessee. . . .

JAMES BYRNE

DETROIT, MICH.

## BOUQUETS TO MRS. BURTON

I would like to commend Katherine Burton on her article "Woman to Woman" in the October issue of THE SIGN.

Surely, we Catholics who are so interested in world peace can only start with the foundation of the home and the leaders of tomorrow—the children of today.

What good is all the money used for fabulous modern buildings if a soul is at stake?

I'm with Mrs. Burton 100 per cent and more power to her!

GEORGIANA PITTOFF

CHICAGO, ILL.

My dear Miss Burton:

May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on bringing the article by Pearl Buck in a recent *Woman's Home Companion* to the attention of your readers. I read the article and . . . there were points in almost every paragraph that I took exception to, but for want of time and space I mentioned only one and this you don't seem to dwell on. That was her point that with orphanages closed the



"good Sisters" would be out of a job. With three of my five children of an age to attend a Catholic school which is badly understaffed because of the scarcity of nuns, I couldn't keep quiet. The Sisters of Charity who teach my children do a wonderful job, as do the lay teachers we must have because there aren't enough nuns, but we need now, and will need even more in the future, additional nuns to swell the ranks. . . .

Congratulations and may God give you many, many more years to express your thoughts "Woman to Woman."

BETTY V. PLUMMER

ORADELL, N. J.

#### A SUGGESTION

I think a number of Sign readers would be interested in the following information: The first issue of *New Testament Abstracts*, a handy reference to current writings on the New Testament, appeared in November. This issue contains 200 abstracts of articles selected from 80 Biblical journals in seven languages. The *Abstracts*, published to answer the needs of seminary professors, college religion teachers, and students of the New Testaments, will appear three times a year—Fall, Winter, and Spring. It is published by the Jesuits of Weston College, Weston, 93, Mass., at a subscription of \$3.00 per year.

REV. JOHN J. COLLINS, S.J.  
WESTON, MASS.

#### GRATEFUL READERS

Thanks very much for your letter and the much appreciated gift of THE SIGN. I have always been a reader and a promoter of your magazine. You will find that I have put every Base where I've been stationed on your subscription list. You have the most interesting Catholic magazine in the United States. . . .

WILLIAM P. McMULLEN  
CHAPLAIN (MAJOR), USAF  
CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

FORBES AIR FORCE BASE,  
KANSAS

I believe that during the past year I have noticed a decided improvement in THE SIGN which, according to my taste, has become much less jingoistic than formerly. It has begun to play its part in pulling the Catholics of the United States away from the awful heresy that Catholicism can be equated to anti-Communism or to the political aspirations of the United States of America.

I think that you are doing a splendid job in publishing a magazine which is so first-rate from a technical point of view, and I wish you every success in your difficult endeavor.

C. J. SULLIVAN

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

I think your magazine is the best Catholic publication I have ever had the pleasure of reading. All the articles and stories are very interesting. I love to read it each month. Do keep up the good work.

ANNE DIMENT

NASHVILLE, TENN.

I approve of your art, enjoy your choice of fiction, and find your book reviews an excellent guide to reading. In short, I think you are putting out an informative,



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## LETTERS ABOUT LETTERS

I want to endorse publicly the stand taken against integration by Mr. Harry M. Bell of Monroe, Louisiana, in his letter appearing in your September issue, and also his opinion on the rights of the Roman Catholic Church in this matter.

I am in full agreement with his opinion that a few church dignitaries seem intent on imposing views as articles of faith on sociological beliefs, which in the case of integration I consider degenerating and certainly contrary to the American way of life.

The un-American stand on this integration issue would be grounds to outlaw the Roman Church in this country. In my lifetime, I have seen lesser excuses as the basis for radical actions, and I sided with them.

HENRY H. RITCHOTTE

PHILA., PA.

In the September issue of THE SIGN I read and enjoyed the editorials which I thought were very informative and well written. There was one letter on page 8, however, I think should be given recognition:

"If segregation resulted in the progress of the Negro, think of the progress that could be made if the Negro and White races were unified and worked in harmony as a team. This Progress would greatly benefit the nation both socially and economically. Remember we cannot love Christ and hate our neighbor." (Richard Fuhrman, Detroit, Mich.)

CLIFFORD W. KARJALA

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

I do not hold any brief for error, am not on the Hitchcock payroll as a publicity agent, have never seen one of his full-length movies, am, in fact, almost nauseated by his corpulence. All this, though, doesn't deter me from questioning the purity of intention of the three letter writers (September, p. 71), doesn't deter me from joining Jerry Cotter in praising the "healthy disrespect for the conventional approach to story-telling" characteristic of the Alfred Hitchcock Presents television shows.

It is to be expected that you published the article in good faith. I'm sure you will agree with me that it seems very strange to suddenly learn that three people in the same general locality feel it necessary to complain after having been silent for so long. You have my sympathy.

MARTIN S. BANDER

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

## SIGN POST

May we suggest that your magazine is a most happy gift choice for an adult confirmation—in addition to those occasions mentioned on your May back cover. . .

"The Sign Post" is a veritable fountain of accurate information and is especially interesting for a convert. We wait most impatiently for this feature each month.

MRS. SHIRLEY SWENSON

ST. CLAIR SHORES, MICH.

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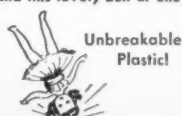
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